```xml
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William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.:
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
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          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
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        <respStmt>
          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
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        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
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          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
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          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
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Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
        </respStmt>
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            <respStmt xml:id="PW">
               <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
               <resp>project management</resp>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="LC">
               <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JS">
               <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="ES">
               <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JC">
               <persName>James Cummings</persName>
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         <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
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            <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
         </titleStmt>
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April
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               <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
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           <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
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         <availability>
            <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
         </availability>
         <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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            <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
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           <settlement>London</settlement>, <country>England</country>
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           <publisher>
           <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
                Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
        </publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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            <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
            <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
            <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
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Shakespeare First Folios a
               descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
               Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
               With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
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               <titlePage>
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                     <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                  <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                        <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
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Copies.</titlePart>

                  </docTitle>

                  <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                     of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                     <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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    <width unit="mm">323</width>
  </dimensions>
</support>
<foliation>
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<p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
<p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>

```
</foliation>
<collation>
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<p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 (πA1+1) [πB^2], ^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6 gg^2 Gg^6 hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 ^{2}g^8 h-v^6 x^4 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6 2k-2v^6 x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>
<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ^{3}gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>

</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
  </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
  <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
  <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.

```
                        (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on
                        leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after
                        leaving the Library.</p>
                    </additions>
                    <bindingDesc>
                        <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the
                        Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red
                        sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head
                        of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
                        Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
                        Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out
                        on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from
                        a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between
                        1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod.
                        Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
                    </bindingDesc>
                </physDesc>
                <history>
                    <origin>
                        <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The
                        printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
                        </p>
                    </origin>
                    <acquisition>
                    <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
                        was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
                        Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at
                        shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication
                        of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
                        newer <bibl>
                        <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
```

to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
</acquisition>
</history>
<additional>
<surrogates>
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<bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available
at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
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<persName type="standard">First Citizen</persName>
<persName type="form">1.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-mes.1">
<persName type="standard">First Messenger</persName>
<persName type="form">1.</persName>
<persName type="form">1</persName>

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    <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-mur.1">
    <persName type="standard">First Murderer</persName>
    <persName type="form">1. Mur.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Vil.</persName>
    <persName type="form">1</persName>
    <persName type="form">1.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-cit.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Citizen</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-mes.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Messenger</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-mur.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Murderer</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Mur.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-cit.3">
    <persName type="standard">Third Citizen</persName>
    <persName type="form">3</persName>
    <persName type="form">3.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-mes.3">
    <persName type="standard">Third Messenger</persName>
    <persName type="form">3.</persName>
    <persName type="form">3</persName>
    <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-all">
    <persName type="standard">All</persName>
    <persName type="form">All</persName>
    <persName type="form">All.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-ann">
    <persName type="standard">Lady Anne</persName>
    <persName type="form">An.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Anne.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ghost</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-r3-aby">
    <persName type="standard">Thomas Rotherham, archbishop of
```

York</persName>
                <persName type="form">Arch.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-blu">
            <persName type="standard">Blunt</persName>
            <persName type="form">Blunt.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-bot">
            <persName type="standard">First and Second Murderers</persName>
            <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-boy">
            <persName type="standard">Boy</persName>
            <persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-bra">
            <persName type="standard">Sir Robert Brakenbury</persName>
            <persName type="form">Bra.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-buc">
            <persName type="standard">Duke of Buckingham</persName>
            <persName type="form">Buc.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Buck.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ghost</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-ber">
            <persName type="standard">Berkeley, a gentleman attending on Lady
Anne</persName>
                <persName type="form">Bue.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Buo.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-bou">
            <persName type="standard">Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of
Canterbury</persName>
                <persName type="form">Card.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-cat">
            <persName type="standard">Sir William Catesby</persName>
            <persName type="form">Cat.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Cates.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Catesb.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Catesby.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Catesy.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-chi">
            <persName type="standard">Children</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ch.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Chil.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-r3-chr">

```xml
                <persName type="standard">Christopher Urswick, a priest</persName>
                <persName type="form">Chri,</persName>
                <persName type="form">Chri.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-geo">
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Clarence)</persName>
                <persName type="form">Cla.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Ghost.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Clar.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-sta">
                <persName type="standard">Sir William Stanley, called also Earl of
Derby</persName>
                <persName type="form">Darb.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Der.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Sta.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Stan.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Stanley.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-mpl">
                <persName type="standard">Margaret Plantagenet, a young daughter of
Clarence</persName>
                <persName type="form">Daugh.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-dor">
                <persName type="standard">Marquis of Dorset, son of Queen
Elizabeth</persName>
                <persName type="form">Dor.</persName>
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            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-duc">
              <persName type="standard">Duchess of York</persName>
              <persName type="form">Du. Y.</persName>
              <persName type="form">Duch. Yorke.</persName>
              <persName type="form">Duch. Yorks.</persName>
              <persName type="form">Dut.</persName>
              <persName type="form">Dutch.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-edw">
              <persName type="standard">King Edward IV (Plantagenet)</persName>
              <persName type="form">Edw.</persName>
              <persName type="form">King,</persName>
              <persName type="form">King.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-r3-ely">
              <persName type="standard">John Morton, bishop of Ely</persName>
              <persName type="form">Els.</persName>
              <persName type="form">Ely.</persName>
            </person>
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```xml
<person xml:id="F-r3-gen">
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  <persName type="form">Gen.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Lord Grey, son of Queen
Elizabeth</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gray.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Grey.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-has">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Hastings</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ha.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Hast,</persName>
  <persName type="form">Hast.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gho.</persName>
</person>
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  <persName type="standard">Sir Walter Herbert</persName>
  <persName type="form">Her.</persName>
</person>
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  <persName type="standard">Keeper</persName>
  <persName type="form">Keep.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-lie">
  <persName type="standard">Lieutenant</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lieu.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-may">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Mayor of London</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lo. Maior.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ma.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mainr.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Maior.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-lds">
  <persName type="standard">Lords</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lor.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lords.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-lov">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Lovel</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lou.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Louell.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-qma">
  <persName type="standard">Queen Margaret, daughter to Reignier,
afterwards married to King Henry VI</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Margaret.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Q. M.</persName>
      </person>
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        <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-nor">
        <persName type="standard">Duke of Norfolk</persName>
        <persName type="form">Nor.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-qel">
        <persName type="standard">Queen Elizabeth, starts as Lady Grey,
marries Edward IV</persName>
        <persName type="form">Que.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Qu</persName>
        <persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-oxf">
        <persName type="standard">Earl Oxford</persName>
        <persName type="form">Oxf.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-pag">
        <persName type="standard">Page</persName>
        <persName type="form">Page.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-pre">
        <persName type="standard">Prince Edward, son of Henry
VI</persName>
        <persName type="form">Gh.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ghost</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-pri">
        <persName type="standard">Priest</persName>
        <persName type="form">Priest.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-prn">
        <persName type="standard">Prince Edward</persName>
        <persName type="form">Prin.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Prince.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ghosts.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ghosts</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-pur">
        <persName type="standard">Pursuivant</persName>
        <persName type="form">Purs.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-rat">
```

```xml
        <persName type="standard">Sir Richard Ratcliff</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ra.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rat.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-riv">
        <persName type="standard">Lord (Earl) Rivers, brother to Lady Gray
(Queen Elizabeth)</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ri.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Riu</persName>
        <persName type="form">Riu.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Riuers.</persName>
      </person>
       <person xml:id="F-r3-rch">
        <persName type="standard">Richard III (Duke of Gloucester), son of
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; was duke of Gloucester before
enthronement</persName>
        <persName type="form">Glo.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Richard.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rich.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ritch.</persName>
        <persName type="form">King</persName>
        <persName type="form">King.</persName>
        <persName type="form">K.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ric.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rich</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rich!</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rich.,</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-ric">
        <persName type="standard">Richmond (Henry VII), Earl of Richmond,
later Henry VII</persName>
        <persName type="form">Richm</persName>
        <persName type="form">Richm.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rich.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-scr">
        <persName type="standard">Scrivener</persName>
        <persName type="form">Scr.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-she">
        <persName type="standard">Sheriff of Wiltshire</persName>
        <persName type="form">Sher.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-sur">
        <persName type="standard">Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of
Norfolk</persName>
        <persName type="form">Su.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Sur.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-r3-tyr">
```

```xml
                <persName type="standard">Sir James Tyrrel</persName>
                <persName type="form">Tir.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Tyr.</persName>
              </person>
              <person xml:id="F-r3-vau">
                <persName type="standard">Sir Thomas Vaughan</persName>
                <persName type="form">Vaugh.</persName>
              </person>
              <person xml:id="F-r3-yor">
                <persName type="standard">Duke of York</persName>
                <persName type="form">Yor.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Yorke.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Yorks.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Ghosts.</persName>
                <persName type="form">Ghosts</persName>
              </person>
            </listPerson>
          </particDesc>
        </profileDesc>
      </teiHeader>
    <text type="play" xml:id="F-r3">
            <body>
              <div type="play" n="23">
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0529-0.jpg" n="173"/>
                <head rend="center">The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
                  <lb/>with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the
                  <lb/>Battell at Bosworth field.</head>
                <div type="act" n="1">
                  <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Sc&#x0153;na
Prima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                      <cb n="1"/>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard Duke of
Gloster, solus.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                      <l><c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c>Ow is the Winter of our
Discontent,</l>
                      <l>Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:</l>
                      <l>And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house</l>
                      <l>In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.</l>
                      <l>Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,</l>
                      <l>Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;</l>
                      <l>Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;</l>
                      <l>Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.</l>
                      <l>Grim&#x2011;visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled
Front:</l>
                      <l>And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,</l>
                      <l>To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,</l>
                      <l>He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,</l>
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<l>To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.</l>
<l>But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,</l>
<l>Nor made to court an amorous Looking&#x2011;glasse:</l>
<l>I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty,</l>
<l>To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:</l>
<l>I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,</l>
<l>Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,</l>
<l>Deform'd, vn&#x2011;finish'd, sent before my time</l>
<l>Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp,</l>
<l>And that so lamely and vnfashionable,</l>
<l>That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.</l>
<l>Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)</l>
<l>Haue no delight to passe away the time,</l>
<l>Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,</l>
<l>And descant on mine owne Deformity.</l>
<l>And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,</l>
<l>To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,</l>
<l>I am determined to proue a Villaine,</l>
<l>And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.</l>
<l>Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,</l>
<l>By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,</l>
<l>To set my Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> and the King</l>
<l>In deadly hate, the one against the other:</l>
<l>And if King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> be as true and iust,</l>
<l>As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,</l>
<l>This day should <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> closely be mew'd vp:</l>
<l>About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,</l>
<l>Of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> heyres the murtherer shall be.</l>
<l>Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> comes.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.</stage>
<l>Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>That waites vpon your Grace<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,</l>
<l>Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Vpon what cause?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
```

```xml
            <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
            <l>Because my name is <hi rend="italic">George</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l>Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:</l>
            <l>He should for that commit your Godfathers.</l>
            <l>O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,</l>
            <l>That you should be new Christned in the Tower.</l>
            <l>But what's the matter <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, may I
know?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
            <l>Yea <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, when I know: but I
protest</l>

            <l>As yet I do not: But as I can learne,</l>
            <l>He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames,</l>
            <l>And from the Crosse&#x2011;row pluckes the letter G:</l>
            <l>And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,</l>
            <l>His issue disinherited should be.</l>
            <l>And for my name of <hi rend="italic">George</hi> begins
with G,</l>

            <l>It followes in his thought, that I am he.</l>
            <l>These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,</l>
            <l>Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l>Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:</l>
            <l>'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,</l>
            <l>My Lady <hi rend="italic">Grey</hi> his Wife, <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi> 'tis shee,</l>
            <l>That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.</l>
            <l>Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,</l>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Anthony Woodeulle</hi> her Brother
there,</l>
            <l>That made him send Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> to
the Tower?</l>
            <l>From whence this present day he is deliuered?</l>
            <l>We are not safe <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, we are not
safe.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
            <l> By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure</l>
            <l>But the Queenes Kindred, and night&#x2011;walking
Heralds,</l>
            <l>That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris <hi
rend="italic">Shore</hi>.</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Heard you not what an humble Suppliant</l>
    <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> was, for her
deliuery?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Humbly complaining to her Deitie,</l>
      <l>Got my Lord Chamberlaine to her libertie.</l>
      <l>Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,</l>
      <l>If we will keepe in fauour with the King,</l>
      <l>To be her men, and weare her Liuery.</l>
      <l>The iealous ore&#x2011;worne Widdow, and her selfe,</l>
      <l>Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,</l>
      <l>Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-bra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
      <l>I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,</l>
      <l>His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,</l>
      <l>That no man shall haue priuate Conference</l>
      <l>(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Rich.</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0530-0.jpg" n="174"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Euen so, and please your Worship <hi
rend="italic">Brakenbury</hi>,</l>
      <l>You may partake of any thing we say:</l>
      <l>We speake no Treason man; We say the King</l>
      <l>Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene</l>
      <l>Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.</l>
      <l>We say, that <hi rend="italic">Shores</hi> Wife hath a pretty
Foot,</l>
      <l>A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:</l>
      <l>And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.</l>
      <l>How say you sir? can you deny all this<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-bra">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
      <l>With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to
        <lb/>doo.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Naught to do with Mistris <hi rend="italic">Shore</hi>?</l>
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```xml
    <l>I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her</l>
    <l>(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>What one, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
    <l>I do beseech your Grace</l>
    <l>To pardon me, and withall forbeare</l>
    <l>Your
<choice><orig>Conferenee</orig><corr>Conference</corr></choice> with the
Noble Duke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>We know thy charge <hi rend="italic">Brakenbury</hi>, and
wil obey.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.</l>
    <l>Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,</l>
    <l>And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,</l>
    <l>Were it to call King <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Widdow,
Sister,</l>
    <l>I will performe it to infranchise you.</l>
    <l>Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,</l>
    <l>Touches me deeper then you can imagine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,</l>
    <l>I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:</l>
    <l>Meane time, haue patience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>I must perforce: Farewell<note resp="#ES">A stain partially
obscures the end of this word.</note>.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clar.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:</l>
   <l>Simple plaine <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, I do loue thee so,</l>
   <l>That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,</l>
   <l>If Heauen will take the present at our hands.</l>
   <l>But who comes heere? the new deliuered <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord Hastings.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
   <l>Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:</l>
   <l>Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,</l>
   <l>How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
   <l>With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:</l>
   <l>But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes</l>
   <l>That were the cause of my imprisonment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>No doubt, no doubt, and so shall <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> too,</l>
   <l>For they that were your Enemies, are his,</l>
   <l>And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
   <l>More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd,</l>
   <l>Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>What newes abroad?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
   <l>No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:</l>
   <l>The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,</l>
   <l>And his Physitians feare him mightily.</l>
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                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>Now by
<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> Iohn, that Newes is bad
indeed.</l>
                        <l>O he hath kept an euill Diet long,</l>
                        <l>And ouer&#x2011;much consum'd his Royall Person:</l>
                        <l>'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.</l>
                        <l>Where is he, in his bed?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                        <l>He is.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>Go you before, and I will follow you.</l>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Hastings.</stage>
                        <l>He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,</l>
                        <l>Till <hi rend="italic">George</hi> be pack'd with
post&#x2011;horse vp to Heauen.</l>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <l>Ile in to vrge his hatred more to <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi>,</l>
                        <l>With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments;</l>
                        <l>And if I faile not in my deepe intent,</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> hath not another day to
liue:</l>
                        <l>Which done, God take King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> to
his mercy,</l>
                        <l>And leaue the world for me to bussle in.</l>
                        <l>For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongest daughter.</l>
                        <l>What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,</l>
                        <l>The readiest way to make the Wench amends,</l>
                        <l>Is to become her Husband, and her Father:</l>
                        <l>The which will I, not all so much for loue,</l>
                        <l>As for another secret close intent,</l>
                        <l>By marrying her, which I must reach vnto:</l>
                        <l>But yet I run before my horse to Market:</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> still breathes, <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi> still liues and raignes,</l>
                        <l>When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="2">
                    <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,
<lb/>Lady Anne being the Mourner.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
<l>Set downe, set downe your honourable load,</l>
<l>If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;</l>
<l>Whil'st I a&#x2011;while obsequiously lament</l>
<l>Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.</l>
<l>Poore key&#x2011;cold figure of a holy King,</l>
<l>Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;</l>
<l>Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,</l>
<l>Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,</l>
<l>To heare the Lamentations of poore <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>,</l>
<l>Wife to thy <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, to thy slaughtred Sonne,</l>
<l>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.</l>
<l>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,</l>
<l>I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.</l>
<l>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:</l>
<l>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:</l>
<l>C<c rend="inverted">u</c>rsed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:</l>
<l>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch</l>
<l>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,</l>
<l>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,</l>
<l>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.</l>
<l>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,</l>
<l>Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,</l>
<l>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect</l>
<l>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,</l>
<l>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.</l>
<l>If euer he haue Wife, let her be made</l>
<l>More miserable by the death of him,</l>
<l>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.</l>
<l>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,</l>
<l>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.</l>
<l>And still as you are weary of this waight,</l>
<l>Rest you, whiles I lament King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Coarse.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Stay you that beare the Coarse, &amp; set it down.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <l>What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,</l>
      <l>To stop deuoted charitable deeds?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by
<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> Paul,</l>
      <l>Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.</l>
   </sp>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Gen.</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0531-0.jpg" n="175"/>
   <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <sp who="#F-r3-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
      <l>My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Vnmanner'd Dogge,</l>
      <l>Stand'st thou when I commaund:</l>
      <l>Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,</l>
      <l>Or by
<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> Paul Ile strike thee to my
Foote,</l>
      <l>And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
      <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
      <l>What do you tremble? are you all affraid?</l>
      <l>Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,</l>
      <l>And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.</l>
      <l>Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;</l>
      <l>Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,</l>
      <l>His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
      <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
      <l>Foule Diuell,</l>
      <l>For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,</l>
      <l>For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:</l>
      <l>Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes:</l>
      <l>If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,</l>
      <l>Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.</l>
      <l>Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
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wounds,</l>
<l>Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.</l>
<l>Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:</l>
<l>For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood</l>
<l>From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.</l>
<l>Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,</l>
<l>Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.</l>
<l>O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:</l>
<l>O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.</l>
<l>Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:</l>
<l>Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,</l>
<l>As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,</l>
<l>Which his Hell&#x2011;gouern'd arme hath butchered.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,</l>
<l>Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,</l>
<l>No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:</l>
<l>Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)</l>
<l>Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue</l>
<l>By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)</l>
<l>Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue</l>
<l>By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue</l>
<l>Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>Fouler then heart can thinke thee,</l>
   <l>Thou can'st make no excuse currant,</l><note
resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
   <l>But to hang thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,</l>
   <l>For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,</l>
   <l>That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Say that I slew them not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>Then say they were not slaine:</l>
   <l>But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>I did not kill your Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>Why then he is aliue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,</l>
   <l>Queene <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> saw</l>
   <l>Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoking in his blood:</l>
   <l>The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,</l>
   <l>But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
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    <l>That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,</l>
    <l>That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:</l>
    <l>Did'st thou not kill this King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I graunt ye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>Do'st grant me Hedge&#x2011;hogge,</l>
    <l>Then God graunt me too</l>
    <l>Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,</l>
    <l>O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>The better for the King of heauen that hath him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ther:</l>
    <l>For he was fitter for that place then earth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>Some dungeon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Your Bed&#x2011;chamber.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
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          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <l>Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>So will it Madam, till I lye with you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <l>I hope so.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>I know so. But gentle Lady <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>,</l>
          <l>To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,</l>
          <l>And fall something into a slower method.</l>
          <l>Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths</l>
          <l>Of these <hi rend="italic">Plantagenets, Henrie</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
          <l>As blamefull as the Executioner.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <l>Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Your beauty was the cause of that effect:</l>
          <l>Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,</l>
          <l>To vndertake the death of all the world,</l>
          <l>So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <l>If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,</l>
          <l>These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>These eyes could not endure y<c rend="superscript">t</c>
beauties wrack,</l>
          <l>You should not blemish it, if I stood by;</l>
          <l>As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,</l>
          <l>So I by that: It is my day, my life.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
          <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
          <l>Blacke night ore&#x2011;shade thy day, &amp; death thy
life.</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,</l>
   <l>Thou art both.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,</l>
   <l>To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,</l>
   <l>To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,</l>
   <l>Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>His better doth not breath vpon the earth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>He liues, that loues thee better then he could.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>Name him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
   <l>Why that was he.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
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        <l>Where is he?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Heere:</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Spits at
him.</stage>
        <l>Why dost thou spit at me.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <l>Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <l>Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.</l>
        <l>Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
        <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
        <l>Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>I would they were, that I might dye at once:</l>
        <l>For now they kill me with a liuing death.</l>
        <l>Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0532-0.jpg" n="176"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:</l>
        <l>These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teare,</l>
        <l>No, when my Father Yorke, and <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi> wept,</l>
        <l>To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made</l>
        <l>When black&#x2011;fac'd <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>
shooke his sword at him.</l>
        <l>Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,</l>
        <l>Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,</l>
        <l>Aod twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:</l>
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<l>That all the standers by had wet their cheekes</l>
<l>Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,</l>
<l>My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:</l>
<l>And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,</l>
<l>Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.</l>
<l>I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:</l>
<l>My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.</l>
<l>But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,</l>
<l>My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">She lookes scornfully at him.</stage>
<l>Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made</l>
<l>For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.</l>
<l>If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,</l>
<l>Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe&#x2011;pointed Sword,</l>
<l>Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,</l>
<l>And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,</l>
<l>I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,</l>
<l>And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.</stage>
<l>Nay do not pause: For I did kill King <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi>,</l>
<l>But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.</l>
<l>Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong E<hi rend="italic">dward</hi>,</l>
<l>But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">She fals the Sword.</stage>
<l>Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,</l>
<l>I will not be thy Executioner.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>I haue already.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>That was in thy rage:</l>
<l>Speake it againe, and euen with the word,</l>
<l>This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,</l>
<l>Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,</l>

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    <l>To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>I would I knew thy heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis figur'd in my tongue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>I feare me, both are false.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Then neuer Man was true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>Well, well, put vp your Sword.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Say then my Peace is made.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>That shalt thou know heereafter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>But shall I liue in hope.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
    <l>All men I hope liue so.</l>
    <l>Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,</l>
    <l>Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:</l>
    <l>Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.</l>
    <l>And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may</l>
    <l>But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,</l>
    <l>Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
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                            <l>What is it?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>That it may please you leaue these sad designes,</l>
                            <l>To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,</l>
                            <l>And presently repayre to Crosbie House:</l>
                            <l>Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd</l>
                            <l>At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,</l>
                            <l>And wet this Graue with my Repentant Teares)</l>
                            <l>1 will with all expedient duty see you,</l>
                            <cb n="2"/>
                            <l>For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,</l>
                            <l>Grant me this Boon.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
                            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
                            <l>With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,</l>
                            <l>To see you are become so penitent.</l>
                            <l><hi rend="italic">Tressel</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Barkley</hi>, go along with me.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>Bid me farwell.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
                            <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
                            <l>'Tis more then you deserue:</l>
                            <l>But since you teach me how to flatter you,</l>
                            <l>Imagine I haue saide farewell already.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit two with
Anne.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-gen">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
                            <l>Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>No: to White Friars, there attend my comming</l>
                            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Coarse</stage>
                            <l>Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?</l>
                            <l>Was euer woman in this humour wonne<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
                            <l>Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.</l>
                            <l>What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,</l>
                            <l>To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,</l>
                            <l>With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,</l>
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<l>The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by,</l>
<l>Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,</l>
<l>And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,</l>
<l>But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?</l>
<l>And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.</l>
<l>Hah!</l>
<l>Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)</l>
<l>Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?</l>
<l>A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,</l>
<l>Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:</l>
<l>Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,</l>
<l>The spacious World cannot againe affoord:</l>
<l>And will she yet abase her eyes on me,</l>
<l>That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,</l>
<l>And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?</l>
<l>On me, whose All not equals <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Moytie?</l>
<l>On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?</l>
<l>My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!</l>
<l>I do mistake my person all this while:</l>
<l>Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)</l>
<l>My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.</l>
<l>Ile be at Charges for a Looking&#x2011;glasse,</l>
<l>And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,</l>
<l>To study fashions to adorne my body:</l>
<l>Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,</l>
<l>I will maintaine it with some little cost.</l>
<l>But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,</l>
<l>And then returne lamenting to my Loue.</l>
<l>Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,</l>
<l>That I may see my Shadow as I passe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers,
<lb/>and Lord Gray.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-riv">
<speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
<l>Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty</l>
<l>Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-gre">
<speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
<l>In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,</l>

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            <l>Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,</l>
            <l>And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>If he were dead, what would betide on me<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"
rend="italic">Gray.</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0533-0.jpg" n="177"/>
            <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>If he were dead, what would betide on me<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
            <l>No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
            <l>The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,</l>
            <l>To be your Comforter, when he is gone.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>Ah! he is yong; and his minority</l>
            <l>Is put vnto the trust of <hi rend="italic">Richard
Glouster</hi>,</l>
            <l>A man that loues not me, nor none of you.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
            <l>Is it concluded he shall be Protector?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>It is determin'd, not concluded yet;</l>
            <l>But so it must be, if the King miscarry.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Buckingham and
Derby.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
            <l>Here comes the Lord of Buckingham &amp; Derby.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
               <l>Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
               <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
               <l>God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
               <l>The Countesse <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>, good my
<choice><abbr>L.</abbr><expan>Lord</expan></choice> of <hi
rend="italic">Derby</hi>.</l>
               <l>To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen.</l>
               <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Derby</hi>, notwithstanding shee's
your wife,</l>
               <l>And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,</l>
               <l>I hate not you for her proud arrogance.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
               <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
               <l>I do beseech you, either not beleeue</l>
               <l>The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:</l>
               <l>Or if she be accus'd on true report,</l>
               <l>Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds</l>
               <l>From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
               <l>Saw you the King today my Lord of <hi
rend="italic">Derby</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
               <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
               <l>But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,</l>
               <l>Are come from visiting his Maiesty.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>
               <l>What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
               <l>Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
               <l>God grant him health, did you confer with him?</l>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
  <l>I Madam, he desires to make attonement</l>
  <l>Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,</l>
  <l>And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,</l>
  <l>And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Would all were well, but that will neuer be,</l>
  <l>I feare our happinesse is at the height.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,</l>
  <l>Who is it that complaines vnto the King,</l>
  <l><choice><orig>Thar</orig><corr>That</corr></choice> I
(forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?</l>
  <l>By holy <hi rend="italic">Paul</hi>, they loue his Grace but
lightly,</l>
  <l>That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.</l>
  <l>Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,</l>
  <l>Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,</l>
  <l>Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,</l>
  <l>I must be held a rancorous Enemy.</l>
  <l>Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,</l>
  <l>But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,</l>
  <l>With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
  <l>To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:</l>
  <l>When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?</l>
  <l>Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
  <l>A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace</l>
  <l>(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)</l>
  <l>Cannot be quiet scarse a breathing while,</l>
  <l>But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:</l>
  <l>The King on his owne Royall disposition,</l>
  <l>(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)</l>
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    <l>Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred.</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>That in your outward action shewes it selfe</l>
    <l>Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,</l>
    <l>Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,</l>
    <l>That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.</l>
    <l>Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,</l>
    <l>There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
      <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc
rend="turnunder">(</pc>Gloster</l>
    <l>You enuy my aduancement, and my friends:</l>
    <l>God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.</l>
    <l>Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,</l>
    <l>My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie</l>
    <l>Held in contempt, while great Promotions</l>
    <l>Are daily giuen to ennoble those</l>
    <l>That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,</l>
    <l>From that contented hap which I inioy'd,</l>
    <l>I neuer did incense his Maiestie</l>
    <l>Against the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, but
haue bin</l>
    <l>An earnest aduocate to plead for him.</l>
    <l>My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,</l>
    <l>Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich!</speaker>
    <l>You may deny that you were not the meane</l>
    <l>Of my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> late
imprisonment.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>She may my Lord, for&#x2E3A;</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>She may Lord <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, why who
knowes not so?</l>
          <l>She may do more sir then denying that:</l>
          <l>She may helpe you to many faire preferments,</l>
          <l>And then deny her ayding hand therein,</l>
          <l>And lay those Honors on your high desert.</l>
          <l>What may she not, she may, I marry may she.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
          <l>What marry may she?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
          <l>What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,</l>
          <l>A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,</l>
          <l>I wis your Grandam had a worser match.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne</l>
          <l>Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:</l>
          <l>By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie</l>
          <l>Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.</l>
          <l>I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide</l>
          <l>Then a great Queene, with this condition,</l>
          <l>To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,</l>
          <l>Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Queen
Margaret.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
          <l>And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,</l>
          <l>Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>What? threat you me with telling of the King?</l>
          <l>I will auouch't in presence of the King:</l>
          <l>I dare aduenture to be sent to th'Towre.</l>
          <l>'Tis time to speake,</l>
          <l>My paines are quite forgot.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
          <speaker rend="italic">Margaret.</speaker>
          <l>Out Diuell,</l>
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        <l>I do remember them too well:</l>
        <l>Thou killd'st my Husband <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> in the Tower,</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Ere you were Queene,</l>
        <l>I, or your Husband King:</l>
        <l>I was a packe&#x2011;horse in his great affaires:</l>
        <l>A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,</l>
        <l>A liberall rewarder of his Friends,</l>
        <l>To royalize his blood, I spent mine ow<c rend="inverted">n</c>e.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
        <speaker rend="italic">Margaret.</speaker>
        <l>I and much better Blood</l>
        <l>Then his, or thine.</l>
      </sp>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">r</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Rich.</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0534-0.jpg" n="178"/>
      <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>In all which time, you and your Husband <hi rend="italic">Grey</hi></l>
        <l>Were factious, for the House of <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>;</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, so were you: Was not your Husband,</l>
        <l>In <hi rend="italic">Margarets</hi> Battaile, at Saint <hi rend="italic">Albons</hi>, slaine?</l>
        <l>Let me put in your mindes, if you forget</l>
        <l>What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:</l>
        <l>Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
        <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
        <l>A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> did forsake his Father <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
        <l>I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
          <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
          <l>Which God reuenge.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>To fight on <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> partie, for the
Crowne,</l>
          <l>And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:</l>
          <l>I would to God my heart were Flint, like <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi>,</l>
          <l>Or <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> soft and pittifull, like
mine;</l>
          <l>I am too childish foolish for this World.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
          <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
          <l>High thee to Hell for shame, &amp; leaue this World</l>
          <l>Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,</l>
          <l>Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,</l>
          <l>We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,</l>
          <l>So should we you, if you should be our King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>If I should be<c rend="italic">?</c> I had rather be a
Pedler:</l>
          <l>Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
          <l>As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose</l>
          <l>You should enioy, were you this Countries King,</l>
          <l>As little ioy you may suppose in me,</l>
          <l>That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
          <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
          <l>A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,</l>
          <l>For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse:</l>
          <l>I can no longer hold me patient.</l>
          <l>Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,</l>
          <l>In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me:</l>
          <l>Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?</l>
          <l>If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;</l>
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    <l>Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.</l>
    <l>Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my
        <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>sight?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,</l>
    <l>That will I make, before I let thee goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,</l>
    <l>Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.</l>
    <l>A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,</l>
    <l>And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:</l>
    <l>This Sorrow that I haue, <gap extent="1" unit="words"
reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/> right is yours,</l>
    <l>And all the Pleasures you <gap extent="3" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/>rpe, are mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>The Curse my <gap extent="3" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/>le Father layd on thee,</l>
    <l>When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,</l>
    <l>And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes,</l>
    <l>And then to dry the<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/>, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,</l>
    <l>Steep'd in the fault<gap extent="3" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/>e blood of prettie <hi
rend="italic">Rutland:</hi></l>
    <l>His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule,</l>
    <l>Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:</l>
    <l>And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>So iust is God, to right the innocent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,</l>
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    <l>And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dors.</speaker>
    <l>No man but prophecied reuenge for it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, then present, wept to
see it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>What? were you snarling all before I came,</l>
    <l>Ready to catch each other by the throat,</l>
    <l>And turne you all your hatred now on me?</l>
    <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Yorkes</hi> dread Curse preuaile so
much with Heauen,</l>
    <l>That <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> death, my louely <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> death,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,</l>
    <l>Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat?</l>
    <l>Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?</l>
    <l>Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.</l>
    <l>Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,</l>
    <l>As ours by Murther, to make him a King.</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> thy Sonne, that now is Prince
of Wales,</l>
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> our Sonne, that was
Prince of Wales,</l>
    <l>Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.</l>
    <l>Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,</l>
    <l>Out&#x2011;liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:</l>
    <l>Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,</l>
    <l>And see another, as I see thee now,</l>
    <l>Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.</l>
    <l>Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,</l>
    <l>And after many length'ned howres of griefe,</l>
    <l>Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Dorset</hi>, you were standers by,</l>
    <l>And so wast thou, Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>,
when my Sonne</l>
    <l>Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,</l>
    <l>That none of you may liue his naturall age,</l>
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                <l>But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                <l>Haue done thy Charme, y<c rend="superscript">u</c> hateful
wither'd Hagge.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
                <l>And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> shalt heare me.</l>
                <l>If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,</l>
                <l>Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,</l>
                <l>O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,</l>
                <l>And then hurle downe their indignation</l>
                <l>On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.</l>
                <l>The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,</l>
                <l>Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,</l>
                <l>And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:</l>
                <l>No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,</l>
                <l>Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame</l>
                <l>Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.</l>
                <l>Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,</l>
                <l>Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie</l>
                <l>The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:</l>
                <l>Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,</l>
                <l>Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,</l>
                <l>Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested&#x2011;&#x2011;</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                <l><hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
                <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                <l>Ha.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
                <l>I call thee not.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                <l>I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,</l>
                <l>That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.</l>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.</l>
    <l>Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis done by me, and ends in <hi
rend="italic">Margaret</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,</l>
    <l>Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,</l>
    <l>Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?</l>
    <l>Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:</l>
    <l>The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,</l>
    <l>To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch&#x2011;backt
Toade.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,</l>
    <l>Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ri.</speaker>
    <l>Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>To serue me well, you all should do me duty,</l>
    <l>Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:</l>
    <l>O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-dor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dors.</speaker>
    <l>Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Q. M.</speaker>
    <l>Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,</l>
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    <l>Your fire&#x2011;new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">O</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0535-0.jpg" n="179"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>

    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>O that your yong Nobility could iudge</l>
    <l>What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.</l>
    <l>They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,</l>
    <l>And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar&#x2011;
        <lb/>quesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
    <l>It touches you my Lord, as much as me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I, and much more: but I was borne so high:</l>
    <l>Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,</l>
    <l>And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,</l>
    <l>Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,</l>
    <l>Whose bright out&#x2011;shining beames, thy cloudy
wrath</l>

    <l>Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.</l>
    <l>Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:</l>
    <l>O God that seest it, do not suffer it,</l>
    <l>As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:</l>
    <l>Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,</l>
    <l>And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.</l>
    <l>My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,</l>
    <l>And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>Haue done, haue done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,</l>
    <l>In signe of League and amity with thee:</l>
    <l>Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:</l>
    <l>Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:</l>
    <l>Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe</l>
    <l>The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,</l>
    <l>And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.</l>
    <l>O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:</l>
    <l>Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,</l>
    <l>His venom tooth will rankle to the death.</l>
    <l>Haue not to do with him, beware of him,</l>
    <l>Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,</l>
    <l>And all their Ministers attend on him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>What dost thou scorne me</l>
    <l>For my gentle counsell?</l>
    <l>And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from.</l>
    <l>O but remember this another day:</l>
    <l>When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:</l>
    <l>And say (poore <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>) was a
Prophetesse:</l>
    <l>Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,</l>
    <l>And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
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    <l>My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,</l>
    <l>She hath had too much wrong, and I repent</l>
    <l>My part thereof, that I haue done to her.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>I neuer did her any to my knowledge.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:</l>
    <l>I was too hot, to do somebody good,</l>
    <l>That is too cold in thinking of it now:</l>
    <l>Marry as for <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, he is well
repayed:</l>

    <l>He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,</l>
    <l>God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>A vertuous, and a Christian&#x2011;like conclusion</l>
    <l>To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>So do I euer, being well aduis'd.</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Speakes to
himselfe.</stage>
    <l>For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Catesby.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,</l>
    <l>And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> I come, Lords will you go
with mee.</l>
  </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-riv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
  <l>We wait vpon your Grace.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt all but
Gloster.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.</l>
  <l>The secret Mischeefes that I set abroach,</l>
  <l>I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.</l>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, who I indeede haue cast in
darknesse,</l>
  <l>I do beweepe to many simple Gulles,</l>
  <l>Namely to <hi rend="italic">Derby, Hastings,
Buckingham,</hi></l>
  <l>And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,</l>
  <l>That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother,</l>
  <l>Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me</l>
  <l>To be reueng'd on <hi rend="italic">Riuers, Dorset,
Grey</hi>.</l>
  <l>But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,</l>
  <l>Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:</l>
  <l>And thus I cloath my naked Villanie</l>
  <l>With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,</l>
  <l>And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
murtherers.</stage>
  <l>But soft, heere come my Executioners,</l>
  <l>How now my hardy stout resolued Mates,</l>
  <l>Are you now going to dispatch this thing?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vil.</speaker>
  <l>We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,</l>
  <l>That we may be admitted where he is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
  <l>Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:</l>
  <l>When you haue done, repayre to <hi
rend="italic">Crosby</hi> place;</l>
  <l>But sirs be sodaine in the execution,</l>
  <l>Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;</l>
  <l>For <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is well spoken, and
perhappes</l>
  <l>May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vil.</speaker>
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    <l>Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,</l>
    <l>Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:</l>
    <l>We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Your eyes drop Mill&#x2011;stones, when Fooles eyes
      <lb/>fall Teares:</l>
    <l>I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.</l>
    <l>Go, go, dispatch.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vil.</speaker>
    <l>We will my Noble Lord.</l>
  </sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clarence and
Keeper.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-kee">
    <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
    <l>Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>0, I haue past a miserable night,</l>
    <l>So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,</l>
    <l>That as I am a Christian faithfull man,</l>
    <l>I would not spend another such a night</l>
    <l>Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:</l>
    <l>So full of dismall terror was the time.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-kee">
    <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
    <l>What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,</l>
    <l>And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,</l>
    <l>And in my company my Brother Glouster,</l>
    <l>Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,</l>
    <l>Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,</l>
    <l>And cited vp a thousand heauy times,</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">r2</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">During</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0536-0.jpg" n="180"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
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Third.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster</l>
<l>That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along</l>
<l>Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,</l>
<l>Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling</l>
<l>Strooke me (that thought to stay him)
ouer&#x2011;boord,</l>
<l>Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.</l>
<l>O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,</l>
<l>What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,</l>
<l>What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.</l>
<l>Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:</l>
<l>A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:</l>
<l>Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,</l>
<l>Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,</l>
<l>All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,</l>
<l>Some lay in dead&#x2011;mens Sculles, and in the holes</l>
<l>Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept</l>
<l>(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,</l>
<l>That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,</l>
<l>And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-kee">
<speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
<l>Had you such leysure in the time of death</l>
<l>To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>Me thought I had, and often did I striue</l>
<l>To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood</l>
<l>Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth</l>
<l>To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:</l>
<l>But smother'd it within my panting bulke,</l>
<l>Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-kee">
<speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
<l>Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
<l>No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.</l>
<l>O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.</l>
<l>I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,</l>
<l>With that sowre Ferry&#x2011;man which Poets write of,</l>
<l>Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.</l>
<l>The first that there did greet my Stranger&#x2011;soule,</l>

<l>Was my great Father&#x2011;in&#x2011;Law, renowned Warwicke,</l>
<l>Who spake alowd: What scourge for Periurie,</l>
<l>Can this darke Monarchy affoord false <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>?</l>
<l>And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,</l>
<l>A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre</l>
<l>Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is come, false, fleeting, periur'd <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>,</l>
<l>That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:</l>
<l>Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.</l>
<l>With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends</l>
<l><gap extent="2" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>uiron'd me, and howled in mine eares</l>
<l><gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#ES"/>uch hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,</l>
<l>I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,</l>
<l>Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,</l>
<l>Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-kee">
<speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
<l>No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,</l>
<l>I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things</l>
<l>(That now giue euidence against my Soule)</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> sake, and see how he requits mee.</l>
<l>O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,</l>
<l>But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,</l>
<l>Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:</l>
<l>O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.</l>
<l>Keeper, I prythee sit by me a&#x2011;while,</l>
<l>My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-kee">
<speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
<l>I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
<l>Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,</l>
<l>Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon&#x2011;tide night:</l>

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<cb n="2"/>
<l>Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,</l>
<l>An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,</l>
<l>And for vnfelt Imaginations</l>
<l>They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:</l>
<l>So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,</l>
<l>There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Murtherers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Mur.</speaker>
   <l>Ho, who's heere<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
      <lb/>thou hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Mur.</speaker>
   <p>I would speak with <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, and I
came hi&#x00AD;
      <lb/>ther on my Legges.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>What so breefe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
   <l>'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:</l>
   <l>Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Reads</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-bra">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
   <l>I am in this, commanded to deliuer</l>
   <l>The Noble Duke of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> to your
hands.</l>
   <l>I will not reason what is meant heereby,</l>
   <l>Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.</l>
   <l>There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.</l>
   <l>Ile to the King, and signifie to him,</l>
   <l>That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <l>You may sir, 'tis a point of wisedome:</l>
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    <l>Far you well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <p>Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ment day.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <p>The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a
        <lb/>kinde of remorse in me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>What? art thou affraid?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,</l>
    <l>But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which</l>
    <l>No Warrant can defend me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>I thought thou had'st bin resolute.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <p>So I am, to let him liue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <p>Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Nay, I prythee stay a little:</l>
    <l>I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,</l>
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    <l>It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <p>Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with&#x00AD;
      <lb/>in mee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <p>Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>Where's thy conscience now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <p>O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
      <lb/>thy Conscience flyes out.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <p>'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
      <lb/>entertaine it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>What if it come to thee againe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <p>Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
      <lb/>A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
      <lb/>Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
      <lb/>Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
      <lb/>shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
      <lb/>filles a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
      <lb/>Pursse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
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                       <lb/>man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and
Cit&#x00AD;
                       <lb/>ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
                       <lb/>liue well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and liue
vvith&#x00AD;
                       <lb/>out it.</p>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">1 'Tis</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0537-0.jpg" n="181"/>
         <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
            <p>'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
               <lb/>kill the
<choice><orig>Dkue</orig><corr>Duke</corr></choice>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
            <l>Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not:</l>
            <l>He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
            <l>I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
            <l>Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.</l>
            <l>Come, shall we fall to worke?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
            <p>Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
               <lb/>Sword, and then throw him into the
Malmesey&#x2011;Butte in
               <lb/>the next roome.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
            <l>O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
            <l>Soft, he wakes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
            <l>Strike.</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <l>No, wee'l reason with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <l>You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>In Gods name, what art thou?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <l>A man, as you are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>But not as I am Royall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <l>Nor you as we are, Loyall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <l>My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?</l>
   <l>Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?</l>
   <l>Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
   <l>To, to, to&#x2E3A;</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
   <l>To murther me?</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1 #F-r3-mur.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
          <l>I, I.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
          <l>You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so,</l>
          <l>And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.</l>
          <l>Wherein my Friends haue I offended you<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <l>Offended vs you haue not, but the King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
          <l>1 shall be reconcil'd to him againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <l>Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
          <l>Are you drawne forth among a world of men</l>
          <l>To slay the innocent? What is my offence<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
          <l>Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?</l>
          <l>What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp</l>
          <l>Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd</l>
          <l>The bitter Sentence of poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>
death,</l>
          <l>Before I be conuict by course of Law?</l>
          <l>To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.</l>
          <l>I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,</l>
          <l>That you depart, and lay no hands on me:</l>
          <l>The deed you vndertake is damnable.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <l>What we will do, we do vpon command.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <l>And he that hath commanded, is our King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
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    <l>Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings</l>
    <l>Hath in the Table of his Law commanded</l>
    <l>That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then</l>
    <l>Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?</l>
    <l>Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,</l>
    <l>To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,</l>
    <l>For false Forswearing, and for murther too:</l>
    <l>Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight</l>
    <l>In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>And like a Traitor to the name of God,</l>
    <l>Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,</l>
    <l>Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs</l>
    <l>When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?</l>
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, for my Brother, for his
sake.</l>
    <l>He sends you not to murther me for this:</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.</l>
    <l>If God will be auenged for the deed,</l>
    <l>O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,</l>
    <l>Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:</l>
    <l>He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,</l>
    <l>To cut off those that haue offended him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>Who made thee then a bloudy minister,</l>
    <l>When gallant springing braue <hi
rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
    <l>That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee?</l>
  </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
  <l>Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,</l>
  <l>Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:</l>
  <l>I am his Brother, and I loue him well.</l>
  <l>If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,</l>
  <l>And I will send you so my Brother Glouster:</l>
  <l>Who shall reward you better for my life,</l>
  <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> will for tydings of my death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
  <l>You are deceiu'd,</l>
  <l>Your Brother Glouster hates you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:</l>
  <l>Go you to him from me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
  <l>I so we will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,</l>
  <l>Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,</l>
  <l>He little thought of this diuided Friendship:</l>
  <l>Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
  <l>I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>O do not slander him, for he is kinde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
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    <l>Right, as Snow in Haruest:</l>
    <l>Come, you deceiue your selfe,</l>
    <l>'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,</l>
    <l>And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,</l>
    <l>That he would labour my deliuery.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>Why so he doth, when he deliuers you</l>
    <l>From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,</l>
    <l>To counsaile me to make my peace with God,</l>
    <l>And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,</l>
    <l>That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.</l>
    <l>O sirs consider, they that set you on</l>
    <l>To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>What shall we do?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-pla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
    <l>Relent, and saue your soules:</l>
    <l>Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,</l>
    <l>Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,</l>
    <l>If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,</l>
    <l>Would not intreat for life, as you would begge</l>
    <l>Were you in my distresse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
    <l>Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:</l>
    <l>My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:</l>
    <l>O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,</l>
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    <l>Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,</l>
    <l>A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Looke behinde you, my Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <l>Take that, and that, if all this will not do,</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Stabs
him.</stage>
    <l>Ile drowne you in the Malmesey&#x2011;But within.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:</l>
    <l>How faine (like <hi rend="italic">Pilate</hi>) would I wash
my hands</l>
    <l>Of this most greeuous murther.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter 1.
Murtherer</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <p>How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me
      <lb/>not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you
      <lb/>haue beene.</p>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">r3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">2 I</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0538-0.jpg" n="182"/>
  <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Mur.</speaker>
    <l>I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,</l>
    <l>Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,</l>
    <l>For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Mur.</speaker>
    <l>So do not I: go Coward as thou art.</l>
    <l>Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,</l>
    <l>Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:</l>
    <l>And when I haue my meede, I will away,</l>
    <l>For this will out, and then I must not stay.</l>
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    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
  </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="2">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Sc&#x0153;na
Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King sicke,
the Queene, Lord Marquesse
    <lb/>Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby,
    <lb/>Buckingham, Wooduill.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.</l>
    <l>You Peeres, continue this vnited League:</l>
    <l>I, euery day expect an Embassage</l>
    <l>From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.</l>
    <l>And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,</l>
    <l>Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, take each others hand,</l>
    <l>Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate</l>
    <l>And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Take heed you dally not before your King,</l>
    <l>Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings</l>
    <l>Confound your hidden falshood, and award</l>
    <l>Either of you to be the others end.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ri.</speaker>
    <l>And I, as I loue <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> with my
heart.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:</l>
          <l>Nor you Sonne <hi rend="italic">Dorset, Buckingham</hi>
nor you;</l>
          <l>You haue bene factious one against the other.</l>
          <l>Wife, loue Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, let him
kisse your hand,</l>
          <l>And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
          <l>There <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, I will neuer more
remember</l>
          <l>Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>, imbrace him:</l>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, loue Lord Marquesse.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
          <l>This interchange of loue, I heere protest</l>
          <l>Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>And so sweare I.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>Now Princely <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, seale y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> this league</l>
          <l>With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,</l>
          <l>And make me happy in your vnity.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
          <l>When euer <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> doth turne his
hate</l>
          <l>Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,</l>
          <l>Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me</l>
          <l>With hate in those where I expect most loue,</l>
          <l>When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,</l>
          <l>And most assured that he is a Friend,</l>
          <l>Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,</l>
          <l>Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,</l>
          <l>When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.</l>
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                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Embrace</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
                            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                            <l>A pleasing Cordiall, Princely <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi></l>
                            <l>Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:</l>
                            <l>There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,</l>
                            <l>To make the blessed period of this peace.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
                            <l>And in good time,</l>
                            <l>Heere comes Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard Ratcliffe</hi>,
and the Duke.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ratcliffe, and
Gloster.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>Good morrow to my Soueraigne King &amp; Queen</l>
                            <l>And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
                            <speaker rend="italic">King,</speaker>
                            <l>Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:</l>
                            <l>Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,</l>
                            <l>Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,</l>
                            <l>Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:</l>
                            <l>Among this Princely heape, if any heere</l>
                            <l>By false intelligence, or wrong surmize</l>
                            <l>Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,</l>
                            <l>Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,</l>
                            <l>To any in this presence, I desir<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="stain" resp="#ES"/></l>
                            <l>To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:</l>
                            <l>'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:</l>
                            <l>I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,</l>
                            <l>First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,</l>
                            <l>Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.</l>
                            <l>Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,</l>
                            <l>If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.</l>
                            <l>Of you and you, Lord <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi> and of
<hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>,</l>
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        <l>That all without desert haue frown'd on me:</l>
        <l>Of you Lord <hi rend="italic">Wooduill</hi>, and Lord <hi
rend="italic">Scales</hi> of you,</l>
        <l>Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.</l>
        <l>I do not know that Englishman aliue,</l>
        <l>With whom my soule is any iot at oddes,</l>
        <l>More then the Infant that is borne to night:</l>
        <l>I thanke my God for my Humility.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:</l>
        <l>I would to God all strifes were well compounded.</l>
        <l>My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse</l>
        <l>To take our Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> to your
Grace.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich</speaker>
        <l>Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,</l>
        <l>To be so flowted in this Royall presence?</l>
        <l>Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?</l>
        <l>You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
        <lb/>all start.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>Who knowes not he is dead<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
        <l>Who knowes he is?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>All&#x2011;seeing heauen, what a world is this?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
        <l>Looke I so pale Lord <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>, as the
rest?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
        <l>I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,</l>
        <l>But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-edw">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> dead? The Order was
reuerst.</l>
      </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,</l>
  <l>And that a winged Mercurie did beare:</l>
  <l>Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,</l>
  <l>That came too lagge to see him buried.</l>
  <l>God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,</l>
  <l>Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,</l>
  <l>Deserue not worse then wretched <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi> did,</l>
  <l>And yet go currant from Suspition.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Earle of
Derby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
  <l>A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-edw">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
  <l>I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnes heare me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-edw">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Then say at once, what is it thou requests.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
  <l>The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,</l>
  <l>Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,</l>
  <l>Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-edw">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
  <l>And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?</l>
  <l>My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,</l>
  <l>And yet his punishment was bitter death.</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Who</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0539-0.jpg" n="183"/>
  <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)</l>
  <l>Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?</l>
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<l>Who spoke of Brother&#x2011;hood? who spoke of loue?</l>
<l>Who told me how the poore soule did forsake</l>
<l>The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?</l>
<l>Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,</l>
<l>When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:</l>
<l>And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?</l>
<l>Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,</l>
<l>Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me</l>
<l>Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe</l>
<l>(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?</l>
<l>All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath</l>
<l>Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you</l>
<l>Had so much grace to put it in my minde.</l>
<l>But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls</l>
<l>Haue done a drunken Slaugh<c rend="inverted">t</c>er, and defac'd</l>

<l>The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,</l>
<l>You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,</l>
<l>And I (vniustly too) must grant it you.</l>
<l>But for my Brother, not a man would speake,</l>
<l>Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe</l>
<l>For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,</l>
<l>Haue bin beholding to him in his life:</l>
<l>Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.</l>
<l>O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold</l>
<l>On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.</l>
<l>Come <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> helpe me to my Closset.</l>
<l>Ah poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Exeunt some with K. &amp; Q<c rend="inverted">u</c>een.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,</l>
<l>How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene</l>
<l>Look'd pale, when they did heare of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> death.</l>
<l>O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,</l>
<l>God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,</l>
<l>To comfort <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> with our company.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
<l>We wait vpon your Grace.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">

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<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two
<lb/>children of Clarence.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-edw"><note resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Boy.</note>
<speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
<l>Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dutch.</speaker>
<l>No Boy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Daugh.</speaker>
<l>Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?</l>
<l>And cry, O <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, my vnhappy Sonne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Why do you looke on vs and shake your head,</l>
<l>And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,</l>
<l>If that our Noble Father were aliue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,</l>
<l>I do lament the sicknesse of the King,</l>
<l>As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:</l>
<l>It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:</l>
<l>The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.</l>
<l>God will reuenge it, whom I will importune</l>
<l>With earnest prayers, all to that effect.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Daugh.</speaker>
<l>And so will I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.</l>
<l>Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,</l>
<l>You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,</l>
  <l>Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;</l>
  <l>And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,</l>
  <l>And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:</l>
  <l>Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,</l>
  <l>And he would loue me deerely as a childe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,</l>
  <l>And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.</l>
  <l>He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,</l>
  <l>Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>I Boy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
  <lb/>Riuers &amp; Dorset after her.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?</l>
  <l>To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.</l>
  <l>Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,</l>
  <l>And to my selfe, become an enemie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>To make an act of Tragicke violence.</l>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.</l>
  <l>Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?</l>
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    <l>Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?</l>
    <l>If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,</l>
    <l>That our swift&#x2011;winged Soules may catch the
Kings,</l>
    <l>Or like obedient Subiects follow him,</l>
    <l>To his new Kingdome of nere&#x2011;changing night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
    <l>Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,</l>
    <l>As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:</l>
    <l>I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,</l>
    <l>And liu'd with looking on his Images:</l>
    <l>But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,</l>
    <l>Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,</l>
    <l>And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,</l>
    <l>That greeues me, when I see my shame in him.</l>
    <l>Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,</l>
    <l>And hast the comfort of thy Children left,</l>
    <l>But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,</l>
    <l>And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi>. O, what cause haue I,</l>
    <l>(Thine being but a moity of my moane)</l>
    <l>To ouer&#x2011;go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-boy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
    <l>Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:</l>
    <l>How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mpl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Daugh.</speaker>
    <l>Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,</l>
    <l>Your widdow&#x2011;dolour, likewise be vnwept.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,</l>
    <l>I am not barren to bring forth complaints:</l>
    <l>All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,</l>
    <l>That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,</l>
    <l>May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.</l>
    <l>Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-chi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Chil.</speaker>
    <l>Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi>.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
               <l>Alas for both, both mine <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> and
<hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
               <l>What stay had I but <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, and hee's
gone?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-chi">
               <speaker rend="italic">Chil.</speaker>
               <l>What stay had we but <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>? and
he's gone.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
               <l>What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
               <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
               <l>Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-chi">
               <speaker rend="italic">Chil.</speaker>
               <l>Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
               <l>Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.</l>
               <l>Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,</l>
               <l>Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.</l>
               <l>She for an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> weepes, and so do
I:</l>
               <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
               <pb facs="FFimg:axc0540-0.jpg" n="184"/>
               <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
               <cb n="1"/>
               <l>I for a <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> weepes, so doth not
shee:</l>
               <l>These Babes for <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> weepe, so
do not they.</l>
               <l>Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:</l>
               <l>Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,</l>
               <l>And I will pamper it with Lamentation.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dor.</speaker>
```

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<l>Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,</l>
<l>That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.</l>
<l>In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,</l>
<l>With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,</l>
<l>Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:</l>
<l>Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,</l>
<l>For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-riv">
<speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
<l>Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother</l>
<l>Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,</l>
<l>Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.</l>
<l>Drowne desperate sorrow in dead <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> graue,</l>
<l>And plant your ioyes in liuing <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Throne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Ha&#x00AD;
<lb/>stings, and Ratcliffe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause</l>
<l>To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:</l>
<l>But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.</l>
<l>Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,</l>
<l>I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,</l>
<l>I craue your Blessing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,</l>
<l>Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Amen, and make me die a good old man,</l>
<l>That is the butt&#x2011;end of a Mothers blessing;</l>
<l>I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
<l>You clowdy&#x2011;Princes, &amp; hart&#x2011;sorowing&#x2011;Peeres,</l>
<l>That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,</l>
<l>Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:</l>
<l>Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,</l>
<l>We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.</l>
<l>The broken rancour of your high&#x2011;swolne hates,</l>
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<l>But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,</l>
    <l>Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept:</l>
    <l>Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,</l>
    <l>Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set</l>
    <l>Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
    <l>Why with some little Traine,</l>
    <l>My Lord of Buckingham?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,</l>
    <l>The new‑heal'd wound of Malice should breake
out,</l>

    <l>Which would be so much the more dangerous,</l>
    <l>By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.</l>
    <l>Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,</l>
    <l>And may direct his course as please himselfe,</l>
    <l>As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,</l>
    <l>In my opinion, ought to be preuented.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I hope the King made peace with all of vs,</l>
    <l>And the compact is firme, and true in me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
    <l>And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.</l>
    <l>Yet since it is but greene, it should be put</l>
    <l>To no apparant likely‑hood of breach,</l>
    <l>Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:</l>
    <l>Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,</l>
    <l>That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>And so say I.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Then be it so, and go we to determine</l>
    <l>Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.</l>
    <l>Madam, and you my Sister, will you go</l>
    <l>To giue your censures in this businesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  <cb n="2"/>

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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Manet Buckingham, and Richard.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,</l>
   <l>For God sake let not vs two stay at home:</l>
   <l>For by the way, Ile sort occasion,</l>
   <l>As Index to the story we late talk'd of,</l>
   <l>To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,</l>
   <l>My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,</l>
   <l>I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,</l>
   <l>Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at
      <lb/>the other.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
      <l>Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
         <lb/>fast?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
      <l>I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe:</l>
      <l>Heare you the newes abroad?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
      <l>Yes, that the King is dead.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
      <l>Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:</l>
      <l>I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another Citizen.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
      <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
      <l>Neighbours, God speed.</l>
   </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
   <l>Giue you good morrow sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
   <l>Doth the newes hold of good king <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> death?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
   <l>I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
   <l>Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
   <l>No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
   <l>Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mes.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
   <l>In him there is a hope of Gouernment,</l>
   <l>Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,</l>
   <l>And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe</l>
   <l>No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
   <l>So stood the State, when <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the
sixt</l>
   <l>Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
   <l>Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot</l>
   <l>For then this Land was famously enrich'd</l>
   <l>With politike graue Counsell; then the King</l>
   <l>Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
   <l>Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
    <l>Better it were they all came by his Father:</l>
    <l>Or by his Father there were none at all:</l>
    <l>For emulation, who shall now be neerest,</l>
    <l>Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.</l>
    <l>O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,</l>
    <l>And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:</l>
    <l>And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,</l>
    <l>This sickly Land, might solace as before.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
    <l>Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
    <l>When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;</l>
    <l>When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;</l>
    <l>When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?</l>
    <l>Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:</l>
    <l>All may be well; but if God sort it so,</l>
    <l>'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
    <l>Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:</l>
    <l>You cannot reason (almost) with a man,</l>
    <l>That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
    <l>Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,</l>
    <l>By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ensuing</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0541-0.jpg" n="185"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Pursuing danger: as by proofe we see</l>
    <l>The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:</l>
    <l>But leaue it all to God. Whither away?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <l>Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
    <l>And so was I: Ile beare you company.</l>
  </sp>
```

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            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4">
            <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Arch&#x2011;bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene,
                <lb/>and the Dutchesse.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-r3-aby">
                <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
                <l>Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,</l>
                <l>And at Northampton they do rest to night:</l>
                <l>To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                <l>I long with all my heart to see the Prince:</l>
                <l>I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                <l>But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke</l>
                <l>Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
                <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
                <l>I Mother, but I would not haue it so.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                <l>Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
                <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
                <l>Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,</l>
                <l>My Vnkle <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi> talk'd how I did
grow</l>
                <l>More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster,</l>
                <l>Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.</l>
                <l>And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,</l>
                <l>Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                <l>Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold</l>
                <l>In him that did obiect the same to thee.</l>
                <l>He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,</l>
                <l>So long a growing, and so leysurely,</l>
                <l>That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.</l>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
   <l>And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
   <l>Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,</l>
   <l>I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,</l>
   <l>To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>How my yong Yorke,</l>
   <l>I prythee let me heare it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
   <l>Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,</l>
   <l>That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,</l>
   <l>'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.</l>
   <l>Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
   <l>Grandam, his Nursse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> wast borne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
   <l>lf 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                <l>Pitchers haue eares.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Messenger.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-r3-aby">
                <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
                <l>Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                <l>Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report,</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                <l>How doth the Prince?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                <l>Well Madam, and in health.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                <l>What is thy Newes<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, and Lord <hi
rend="italic">Grey</hi>,</l>
                <l>Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,</l>
                <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Vaughan</hi>, Prisoners.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                <l>Who hath committed them?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                <l>The Mighty Dukes, <hi rend="italic">Glouster</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-r3-aby">
                <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
                <l>For what offence?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
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    <l>The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:</l>
    <l>Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,</l>
    <l>Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:</l>
    <l>The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,</l>
    <l>Insulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt</l>
    <l>Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne:</l>
    <l>Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,</l>
    <l>I see (as in a Map) the end of all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
    <l>Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,</l>
    <l>How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?</l>
    <l>My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,</l>
    <l>And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost</l>
    <l>For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.</l>
    <l>And being seated, and Domesticke broyles</l>
    <l>Cleane ouer&#x2011;blowne, themselues the Conquerors,</l>
    <l>Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;</l>
    <l>Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous</l>
    <l>And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,</l>
    <l>Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.</l>
    <l>Madam, farwell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
    <l>Stay, I will go with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>You haue no cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-aby">
    <speaker rend="italic">Arch.</speaker>
    <l>My gracious Lady go,</l>
    <l>And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,</l>
    <l>For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace</l>
    <l>The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,</l>
    <l>As well I tender you, and all of yours.</l>
    <l>Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
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        </div>
      </div>
    <div type="act" n="3">
      <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Sc&#x0153;na
Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Trumpets
sound.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter yong Prince, the
Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham,
          <lb/>Lord Cardinall, with others.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
          <l>Welcome sweete Prince to London,</l>
          <l>To your Chamber.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign</l>
          <l>The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
          <l>No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,</l>
          <l>Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.</l>
          <l>I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers</l>
          <l>Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:</l>
          <l>No more can you distinguish of a man,</l>
          <l>Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,</l>
          <l>Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.</l>
          <l>Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:</l>
          <l>Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,</l>
          <l>But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:</l>
          <l>God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
          <l>God keepe me from false Friends,</l>
          <l>But they were none.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>My lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
            <lb/>you.</l>
        </sp>
```

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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
Maior.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lo. Maior.</speaker>
  <l>God blesse your Grace, with health and
    <lb/>happie dayes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <l>I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0542-0.jpg" n="186"/>
  <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>I thought my Mother, and my Brother <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
  <l>Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.</l>
  <l>Fie, what a Slug is <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, that he
comes not</l>
  <l>To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
Hastings.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>And in good time, heere comes the sweating
    <lb/>Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <l>Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
    <lb/>come<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>On what occasion God he knowes, not I;</l>
  <l>The Queene your Mother, and your Brother <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
  <l>Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince</l>
  <l>Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,</l>
  <l>But by his Mother was perforce with&#x2011;held.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course</l>
  <l>Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace</l>
  <l>Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke</l>
  <l>Vnto his Princely Brother presently?</l>
  <l>If she denie, Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> goe with
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him,</l>
<l>And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bou">
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
<l>My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie</l>
<l>Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,</l>
<l>Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate</l>
<l>To milde entreaties, God forbid</l>
<l>We should infringe the holy Priuiledge</l>
<l>Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,</l>
<l>Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,</l>
<l>Too ceremonious, and traditionall.</l>
<l>Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,</l>
<l>You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:</l>
<l>The benefit thereof is alwayes granted</l>
<l>To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,</l>
<l>And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:</l>
<l>This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,</l>
<l>And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.</l>
<l>Then taking him from thence, that is not there,</l>
<l>You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:</l>
<l>Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,</l>
<l>But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-bou">
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, you shall o're&#x2011;rule my mind for once.</l>
<l>Come on, Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, will you goe
with me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
<l>I goe, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Cardinall and
Hastings.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.</l>
<l>Say, Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Glocester</hi>, if our Brother
come,</l>
<l>Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

```
        <l>Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe.</l>
        <l>If I may counsaile you, some day or two</l>
        <l>Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:</l>
        <l>Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit</l>
        <l>For your best health, and recreation.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <l>I doe not like the Tower, of any place:</l>
        <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Iulius C&#x00E6;sar</hi> build that
place, my Lord?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,</l>
        <l>Which since, succeeding Ages haue re&#x2011;edify'd.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <l>Is it vpon record? or else reported</l>
        <l>Successiuely from age to age, he built it?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Vpon record, my gracious Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <l>But say, my Lord, it were not registred,</l>
        <l>Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,</l>
        <l>As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,</l>
        <l>Euen to the generall ending day.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
        <l>So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
        <l>What say you, Vnckle?</l>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
        <l>I say, without Characters, Fame liues long,</l>
        <l>Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,</l>
        <l>I morallize two meanings in one word.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
        <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
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<l>That <hi rend="italic">Iulius C&#x00E6;sar</hi> was a famous man,</l>
<l>With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,</l>
<l>His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:</l>
<l>Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,</l>
<l>For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.</l>
<l>Ile tell you what, my Cousin <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>What, my gracious Lord?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <l>And if I liue vntill I be a man,</l>
          <l>Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,</l>
          <l>Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
            <lb/>Yorke.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> of Yorke, how fares our Noble Bro&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ther?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
          <l>Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <l>I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:</l>
          <l>Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,</l>
          <l>Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
   <l>I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,</l>
   <l>You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:</l>
   <l>The Prince, my Brother, hath out&#x2011;growne me
farre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>He hath, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
   <l>And therefore is he idle?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
   <l>Then he is more beholding to you, then I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>He may command me as my Soueraigne,</l>
   <l>But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
   <l>I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
   <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
   <l>A Begger, Brother<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
   <l>Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,</l>
   <l>And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
   <l>A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,</l>
    <l>In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
        <lb/>call me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>How?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>Little.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
    <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:</l>
    <l>Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:</l>
    <l>Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,</l>
    <l>Because that I am little, like an Ape,</l>
    <l>He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:</l>
          <l>To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,</l>
          <l>He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:</l>
          <l>So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord, wilt please you passe along?</l>
          <l>My selfe, and my good Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
          <l>Will to your Mother, to entreat of her</l>
          <l>To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.</l>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Yorke.</hi> What,</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0543-0.jpg" n="187"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
        <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
          <l>What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord Protector will haue it so.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
          <l>I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>Why, what should you feare<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-yor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
          <l>Marry, my Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> angry
Ghost:</l>
          <l>My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
          <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
          <l>I feare no Vnckles dead.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
          <l>Nor none that liue, I hope.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-prn">
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<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
<l>And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.</l>
<l>But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,</l>
<l>Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi></l>
<l>Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,</l>
<l>To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
<l>No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,</l>
<l>Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:</l>
<l>Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>Well, let them rest: Come hither <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>,</l>
<l>Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,</l>
<l>As closely to conceale what we impart:</l>
<l>Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.</l>
<l>What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,</l>
<l>To make <hi rend="italic">William</hi> Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> of our minde,</l>
<l>For the installment of this Noble Duke</l>
<l>In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
<speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
<l>He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,</l>
<l>That he will not be wonne to ought against him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>What think'st thou then of <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>? Will
<lb/>not hee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
<speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
<l>Hee will doe all in all as <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> doth.</l>

</sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Well then, no more but this:</l>
        <l>Goe gentle <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, and as it were farre off,</l>

        <l>Sound thou Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>,</l>
        <l>How he doth stand affected to our purpose,</l>
        <l>And summon him to morrow to the Tower,</l>
        <l>To sit about the Coronation.</l>
        <l>If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,</l>
        <l>Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:</l>
        <l>If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,</l>
        <l>Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,</l>
        <l>And giue vs notice of his inclination:</l>
        <l>For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,</l>
        <l>Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Commend me to Lord <hi rend="italic">William:</hi> tell him <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>,</l>
        <l>His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries</l>
        <l>To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,</l>
        <l>And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,</l>
        <l>Giue Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Shore</hi> one gentle Kisse the more.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, goe effect this businesse soundly.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Shall we heare from you, <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, ere we sleepe?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>You shall, my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>At <hi rend="italic">Crosby</hi> House, there shall you find vs both.</l>

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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Catesby.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>Now, my Lord,</l>
          <l>What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue</l>
          <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> will not yeeld to our
Complots?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Chop off his Head:</l>
          <l>Something wee will determine:</l>
          <l>And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me</l>
          <l>The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables</l>
          <l>Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.</l>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.</l>
          <l>Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards</l>
          <l>Wee may digest our complots in some forme.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger to
the Doore of Hastings.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>My Lord, my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Who knockes<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>One from the Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
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          <l>What is't a Clocke?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>Vpon the stroke of foure.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
Hastings.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Cannot my Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi> sleepe these
tedious
            <lb/>Nights?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>So it appeares, by that I haue to say:</l>
          <l>First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>What then?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night</l>
          <l>He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:</l>
          <l>Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;</l>
          <l>And that may be determin'd at the one,</l>
          <l>Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.</l>
          <l>Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,</l>
          <l>If you will presently take Horse with him,</l>
          <l>And with all speed post with him toward the North,</l>
          <l>To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,</l>
          <l>Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:</l>
          <l>His Honor and my selfe are at the one,</l>
          <l>And at the other, is my good friend <hi
rend="italic">Catesby</hi>;</l>
          <l>Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,</l>
          <l>Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:</l>
          <l>Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.</l>
          <l>And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,</l>
          <l>To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.</l>
          <l>To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,</l>
          <l>Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,</l>
          <l>And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.</l>
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<l>Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,</l>
    <l>And we will both together to the Tower,</l>
    <l>Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Catesby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
    <l>Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, you are early
stirring:</l>
    <l>What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
    <l>It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:</l>
    <l>And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright,</l>
    <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> weare the Garland of the
Realme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>How weare the Garland?</l>
    <l>Doest thou meane the Crowne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
    <l>I, my good Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
    <l>Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fr&#x014D; my
shoulders,</l>
    <l>Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis&#x2011;plac'd:</l>
    <l>But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Cates.</hi> I,</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0544-0.jpg" n="188"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-r3-cat">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,</l>
        <l>Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:</l>
        <l>And thereupon he sends you this good newes,</l>
        <l>That this same very day your enemies,</l>
        <l>The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,</l>
        <l>Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:</l>
        <l>But, that Ile giue my voice on <hi
rend="italic">Richards</hi> side,</l>
        <l>To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,</l>
        <l>God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>God keepe your Lordship in that gracious
          <lb/>minde.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>But I shall laugh at this a twelue&#x2011;month hence,</l>
        <l>That they which brought me in my Masters hate,</l>
        <l>I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.</l>
        <l>Well <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, ere a fort&#x2011;night
make me older,</l>
        <l>Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,</l>
        <l>When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out</l>
        <l>With <hi rend="italic">Riuers, Vaughan, Grey:</hi> and so
'twill doe</l>
        <l>With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe</l>
        <l>As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare</l>
        <l>To Princely <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and to <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
        <l>The Princes both make high account of you,</l>
        <l>For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.</l>
      </sp>
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              <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                <l>I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.</l>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
Stanley.</stage>
                <l>Come on, come on, where is your Bore&#x2011;speare
man?</l>
                <l>Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
                <l>My Lord good morrow, good morrow <hi
rend="italic">Catesby:</hi></l>
                <l>You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,</l>
                <l>I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                <l>My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,</l>
                <l>And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,</l>
                <l>Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:</l>
                <l>Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,</l>
                <l>I would be so triumphant as I am?</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                <speaker rend="italic">Sta.</speaker>
                <l>The Lords at Pomfret, wh&#x0113; they rode from
London,</l>
                <l>Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,</l>
                <l>And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:</l>
                <l>But yet you see, how soone the Day o're&#x2011;cast.</l>
                <l>This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:</l>
                <l>Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.</l>
                <l>What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                <l>Come, come, haue with you:</l>
                <l>Wot you what, my Lord,</l>
                <l>To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                <speaker rend="italic">Sta.</speaker>
                <l>They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,</l>
                <l>Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.</l>
                <l>But come, my Lord, let's away.</l>
              </sp>
              <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Pursuiuant.</stage>
              <sp who="#F-r3-has">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lord Stanley,
and Catesby.</stage>
          <l>How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-pur">
          <speaker rend="italic">Purs.</speaker>
          <l>The better, that your Lordship please to aske.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,</l>
          <l>Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:</l>
          <l>Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,</l>
          <l>By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.</l>
          <l>But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)</l>
          <l>This day those Enemies are put to death,</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>And I in better state then ere I was.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-pur">
          <speaker rend="italic">Purs.</speaker>
          <l>God hold it, to your Honors good content.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Throwes him his
Purse.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-pur">
          <speaker rend="italic">Purs.</speaker>
          <l>I thanke your Honor.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Pursuiuant.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Priest.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-pri">
          <speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
          <l>Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho&#x00AD;
             <lb/>nor.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>I thanke thee, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, with all
my heart.</l>
          <l>I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:</l>
          <l>Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.</l>
        </sp>
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        <sp who="#F-r3-pri">
          <speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
          <l>Ile wait vpon your Lordship.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Buckingham.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
          <l>What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?</l>
          <l>Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,</l>
          <l>Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Good faith, and when I met this holy man,</l>
          <l>The men you talke of, came into my minde.</l>
          <l>What, goe you toward the Tower?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
          <l>I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:</l>
          <l>I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
          <l>And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.</l>
          <l>Come, will you goe?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Ile wait vpon your Lordship.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="3">
        <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Richard
Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
          <lb/>the Nobles to death at Pomfret.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
          <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard Ratcliffe</hi>, let me tell thee
this,</l>
          <l>To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,</l>
          <l>For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
          <l>God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,</l>
          <l>A Knot you are, of damned Blood&#x2011;suckers.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-vau">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vaugh.</speaker>
          <l>You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere&#x00AD;
            <lb/>after.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
          <l>Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
          <l>O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!</l>
          <l>Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:</l>
          <l>Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,</l>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> the Second here was hackt to
death:</l>
          <l>And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,</l>
          <l>Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
          <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Margarets</hi> Curse is falne vpon
our Heads,</l>
          <l>When shee exclaim'd on <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>,
you, and I,</l>
          <l>For standing by, when <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> stab'd
her Sonne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
          <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
          <l>Then curs'd shee <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</l>
          <l>Then curs'd shee <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
          <l>Then curs'd shee <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>. Oh
remember God,</l>
          <l>To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:</l>
          <l>And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,</l>
          <l>Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,</l>
          <l>Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
          <l>Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
            <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Grey</hi>, come <hi
rend="italic">Vaughan</hi>, let vs here embrace.</l>
            <l>Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Scena</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0545-0.jpg" n="189"/>
         <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="4">
         <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x00E6;na Quarta.</head>
         <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Buckingham,
Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
            <lb/>Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others,
            <lb/>at a Table.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-r3-has">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
            <l>Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,</l>
            <l>Is to determine of the Coronation:</l>
            <l>In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
            <l>Is all things ready for the Royall time?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
            <speaker rend="italic">Darb.</speaker>
            <l>It is, and wants but nomination.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-ely">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker>
            <l>To morrow then I iudge a happie day.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
            <l>Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?</l>
            <l>Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-ely">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker>
            <l>Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his
               <lb/>minde.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
            <l>We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,</l>
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        <l>He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,</l>
        <l>Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:</l>
        <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, you and he are neere in
loue.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-has">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
        <l>I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:</l>
        <l>But for his purpose in the Coronation,</l>
        <l>I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd</l>
        <l>His gracious pleasure any way therein:</l>
        <l>But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,</l>
        <l>And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,</l>
        <l>Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Gloucester.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ely">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker>
        <l>In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:</l>
        <l>I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust,</l>
        <l>My absence doth neglect no great designe,</l>
        <l>Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">William</hi>, Lord <hi
rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, had pronounc'd your part;</l>
        <l>I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Then my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, no man might
be bolder,</l>
        <l>His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.</l>
        <l>My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,</l>
        <l>I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,</l>
        <l>I doe beseech you, send for some of them.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ely">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker>
        <l>Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Bishop.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.</l>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> hath sounded <hi
rend="italic">Hastings</hi> in our businesse,</l>
          <l>And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,</l>
          <l>That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent</l>
          <l>His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,</l>
          <l>Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
          <speaker rend="italic">Darb.</speaker>
          <l>We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:</l>
          <l>To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,</l>
          <l>For I my selfe am not so well prouided,</l>
          <l>As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Bishop of
Ely.</stage>

        <sp who="#F-r3-ely">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker>
          <l>Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?</l>
          <l>I haue sent for these Strawberries.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ha.</speaker>
          <l>His Grace looks chearfully &amp; smooth this morning,</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>There's some conceit or other likes him well,</l>
          <l>When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.</l>
          <l>I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome</l>
          <l>Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee,</l>
          <l>For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
          <speaker rend="italic">Darb.</speaker>
          <l>What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,</l>
          <l>By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
          <l>Mary, that with no man here he is offended:</l>
          <l>For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, and
Buckingham.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,</l>
  <l>That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots</l>
  <l>Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd</l>
  <l>Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,</l>
  <l>Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,</l>
  <l>To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be:</l>
  <l>I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.</l>
  <l>Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme</l>
  <l>Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:</l>
  <l>And this is <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Wife, that monstrous Witch,</l>
  <l>Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet <hi rend="italic">Shore</hi>,</l>
  <l>That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,</l>
  <l>Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,</l>
  <l>Off with his Head; now by Saint <hi rend="italic">Paul</hi> I sweare,</l>
  <l>I will not dine, vntill I see the same.</l>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Louell</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>, looke that it be done:</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  <l>The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the
  <lb/>Lord Hastings.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,</l>
  <l>For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:</l>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi> did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,</l>
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<l>And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:</l>
<l>Three times to day my Foot&#x2011;Cloth&#x2011;Horse did stumble,</l>
<l>And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,</l>
<l>As loth to beare me to the slaughter&#x2011;house.</l>
<l>O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:</l>
<l>I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,</l>
<l>As too triumphing, how mine Enemies</l>
<l>To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,</l>
<l>And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.</l>
<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Margaret, Margaret</hi>, now thy heauie Curse</l>
<l>Is lighted on poore <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> wretched Head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Ra.</speaker>
<l>Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:</l>
<l>Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
<l>O momentarie grace of mortall men,</l>
<l>Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!</l>
<l>Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,</l>
<l>Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,</l>
<l>Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,</l>
<l>Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-lov">
<speaker rend="italic">Lou.</speaker>
<l>Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
<l>O bloody <hi rend="italic">Richard:</hi> miserable England,</l>
<l>I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,</l>
<l>That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.</l>
<l>Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,</l>
<l>They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">s</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0546-0.jpg" n="190"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
</div>

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<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, and
Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
        <lb/>maruellous ill&#x2011;fauoured.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
        <l>Come Cousin,</l>
        <l>Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,</l>
        <l>Murther thy breath in middle of a word,</l>
        <l>And then againe begin, and stop againe,</l>
        <l>As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,</l>
        <l>Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,</l>
        <l>Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:</l>
        <l>Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes</l>
        <l>Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;</l>
        <l>And both are readie in their Offices,</l>
        <l>At any time to grace my Stratagemes.</l>
        <l>But what, is <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> gone?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>He is, and see he brings the Maior along.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Maior, and
Catesby.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Lord Maior.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Looke to the Draw&#x2011;Bridge there.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>Hearke, a Drumme.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, o're&#x2011;looke the
Walls.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
```

<l>Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Louell and
Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Be patient, they are friends: <hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>,
and <hi rend="italic">Louell</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-lov">
    <speaker rend="italic">Louell.</speaker>
    <l>Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,</l>
    <l>The dangerous and vnsuspected <hi
rend="italic">Hastings</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:</l>
    <l>I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,</l>
    <l>That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.</l>
    <l>Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded</l>
    <l>The Historie of all her secret thoughts.</l>
    <l>So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,</l>
    <l>That his apparant open Guilt omitted,</l>
    <l>I meane, his Conuersation with <hi rend="italic">Shores</hi>
Wife,</l>
    <l>He liu'd from all attainder of suspects.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor</l>
    <l>That euer liu'd.</l>
    <l>Would you imagine, or almost beleeue,</l>
    <l>Wert not, that by great preseruation</l>
    <l>We liue to tell it, that the subtill Traytor</l>
    <l>This day had plotted, in the Councell‑House,</l>
    <l>To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-may">
    <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
    <l>Had he done so?</l>
  </sp>

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<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?</l>
  <l>Or that we would, against the forme of Law,</l>
  <l>Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,</l>
  <l>But that the extreme perill of the case,</l>
  <l>The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,</l>
  <l>Enforc'd vs to this Execution.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
  <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
  <l>Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,</l>
  <l>And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,</l>
  <l>To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>I neuer look'd for better at his hands,</l>
  <l>After he once fell in with Mistresse <hi
rend="italic">Shore:</hi></l>
  <l>Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,</l>
  <l>Vntiil your Lordship came to see his end,</l>
  <l>Which now the louing haste of these our friends,</l>
  <l>Something against our meanings, haue preuented;</l>
  <l>Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard</l>
  <l>The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse</l>
  <l>The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>That you might well haue signify'd the same</l>
  <l>Vnto the Citizens, who haply may</l>
  <l>Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
  <l>But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,</l>
  <l>As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:</l>
  <l>And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,</l>
  <l>But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens</l>
  <l>With all your iust proceedings in this case.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,</l>
  <l>T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>Which since you come too late of our intent,</l>
  <l>Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:</l>
  <l>And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.</l>
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                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Maior.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Goe after, after, Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>
                    <l>The Maior towards Guild&#x2011;Hall hyes him in all
poste:</l>
                    <l>There, at your meetest vantage of the time,</l>
                    <l>Inferre the Bastardie of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
Children:</l>
                    <l>Tell them, how <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> put to death a
Citizen,</l>
                    <l>Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne</l>
                    <l>Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,</l>
                    <l>Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.</l>
                    <l>Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,</l>
                    <l>And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,</l>
                    <l>Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,</l>
                    <l>Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,</l>
                    <l>Without controll, lusted to make a prey.</l>
                    <l>Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:</l>
                    <l>Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child</l>
                    <l>Of that insatiate <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>; Noble <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
                    <l>My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,</l>
                    <l>And by true computation of the time,</l>
                    <l>Found, that the Issue was not his begot:</l>
                    <l>Which well appeared in his Lineaments,</l>
                    <l>Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:</l>
                    <l>Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,</l>
                    <l>Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                    <l>Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,</l>
                    <l>As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,</l>
                    <l>Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,</l>
                    <l>Where you shall finde me well accompanied</l>
                    <l>With reuerend Fathers, and well&#x2011;learned
Bishops.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                    <l>I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke</l>
                    <l>Looke for the Newes that the Guild&#x2011;Hall
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affoords.\</l>
                    \</sp>
                    \<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Buckingham.\</stage>
                        \<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        \<speaker rend="italic">Rich.\</speaker>
                        \<l>Goe \<hi rend="italic">Louell\</hi> with all speed to Doctor
\<hi rend="italic">Shaw\</hi>,\</l>
                        \<l>Goe thou to Fryer \<hi rend="italic">Peuker\</hi>, bid them
both\</l>
                        \<l>Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle.\</l>
                        \<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.\</stage>
                        \<l>Now will I goe to take some priuie order,\</l>
                        \<l>To draw the Brats of \<hi rend="italic">Clarence\</hi> out of
sight,\</l>
                        \<l>And to giue order, that no manner person\</l>
                        \<l>Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes.\</l>
                    \</sp>
                    \<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.\</stage>
                        \</div>
                    \<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
                        \<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]\</head>
                        \<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Scriuener.\</stage>
                    \<sp who="#F-r3-scr">
                        \<speaker rend="italic">Scr.\</speaker>
                        \<l>Here is the Indictment of the good Lord \<hi
rend="italic">Hastings\</hi>,\</l>
                        \<l>Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,\</l>
                        \<l>That it may be to day read o're in \<hi
rend="italic">Paules\</hi>.\</l>
                        \<l>And marke how well the sequell hangs together:\</l>
                        \<l>Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,\</l>
                        \<l>For yester‑night by \<hi rend="italic">Catesby\</hi>
was it sent me,\</l>
                        \<l>The Precedent was full as long a doing,\</l>
                        \<l>And yet within these fiue houres \<hi
rend="italic">Hastings\</hi> liu'd,\</l>
                        \<l>Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.\</l>
                        \<l>Here's a good World the while.\</l>
                        \<l>Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice?\</l>
                        \<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Yet\</fw>
                        \<pb facs="FFimg:axc0547-0.jpg" n="191"/>
                        \<fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.\</fw>
                        \<cb n="1"/>
                        \<l>Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?\</l>
                        \<l>Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,\</l>
                        \<l>When such ill dealing must be seene in thought.\</l>
                    \</sp>
                    \<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.\</stage>

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                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard
and Buckingham at seurall Doores.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>How now, how now, what say the Citizens?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                            <l>Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,</l>
                            <l>The Citizens are mum, say not a word.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>Toucht you the Bastardie of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
Children?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                            <l>I did, with his Contract with Lady <hi
rend="italic">Lucy</hi>,</l>
                            <l>And his Contract by Deputie in France,</l>
                            <l>Th'vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire,</l>
                            <l>And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,</l>
                            <l>His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,</l>
                            <l>As being got, your Father then in France,</l>
                            <l>And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.</l>
                            <l>Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,</l>
                            <l>Being the right <hi rend="italic">Idea</hi> of your
Father,</l>
                            <l>Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:</l>
                            <l>Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,</l>
                            <l>Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,</l>
                            <l>Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:</l>
                            <l>Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,</l>
                            <l>Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.</l>
                            <l>And when my Oratorie drew toward end,</l>
                            <l>I bid them that did loue their Countries good,</l>
                            <l>Cry, God saue <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Englands
Royall King.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                            <l>And did they so?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                            <l>No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,</l>
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<l>But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,</l>
    <l>Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:</l>
    <l>Which when I saw, I reprehended them,</l>
    <l>And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?</l>
    <l>His answer was, the people were not vsed</l>
    <l>To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.</l>
    <l>Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:</l>
    <l>Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,</l>
    <l>But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.</l>
    <l>When he had done, some followers of mine owne,</l>
    <l>At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,</l>
    <l>And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King <hi
rend="italic">Richard:</hi></l>
    <l>And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.</l>
    <l>Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,</l>
    <l>This generall applause, and chearefull showt,</l>
    <l>Argues your wisdome, and your loue to <hi
rend="italic">Richard:</hi></l>
    <l>And euen here brake off, and came away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>What tongue‑lesse Blockes were they,</l>
    <l>Would they not speake?</l>
    <l>Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,</l>
    <l>Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:</l>
    <l>And looke you get a Prayer‑Booke in your hand,</l>
    <l>And stand betweene two Church‑men, good my
Lord,</l>
    <l>For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:</l>
    <l>And be not easily wonne to our requests,</l>
    <l>Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I goe: and if you plead as well for them,</l>
    <l>As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,</l>
    <l>No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Maior, and
Citizens.</stage>
    <l>Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,</l>
    <l>I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.</l>

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</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Catesby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
   <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, what sayes your Lord to my
      <lb/>request<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Catesby.</speaker>
   <l>He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,</l>
   <l>To visit him to morrow, or next day:</l>
   <l>He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,</l>
   <l>Diuinely bent to Meditation,</l>
   <l>And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,</l>
   <l>To draw him from his holy Exercise.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
   <l>Returne, good <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, to the gracious Duke,</l>
   <l>Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,</l>
   <l>In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,</l>
   <l>No lesse importing then our generall good,</l>
   <l>Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Catesby.</speaker>
   <l>Ile signifie so much vnto him straight.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
   <l>Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
   <l>He is not lulling on a lewd Loue&#x2011;Bed,</l>
   <l>But on his Knees, at Meditation:</l>
   <l>Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,</l>
   <l>But meditating with two deepe Diuines:</l>
   <l>Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,</l>
   <l>But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.</l>
   <l>Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince</l>
   <l>Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.</l>
   <l>But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
   <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
   <l>Marry God defend his Grace should say vs
      <lb/>nay.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
               <l>I feare he will: here <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> comes
againe.</l>
               <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Catesby.</stage>
               <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, what sayes his
Grace?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Catesby.</speaker>
               <l>He wonders to what end you haue assembled</l>
               <l>Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,</l>
               <l>His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:</l>
               <l>He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
               <l>Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should</l>
               <l>Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:</l>
               <l>By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,</l>
               <l>And so once more returne, and tell his Grace.</l>
               <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
               <l>When holy and deuout Religious men</l>
               <l>Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,</l>
               <l>So sweet is zealous Contemplation.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard aloft,
betweene two Bishops.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-r3-may">
               <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
               <l>See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie
                  <lb/>men.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
               <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
               <l>Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,</l>
               <l>To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:</l>
               <l>And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,</l>
               <l>True Ornaments to know a holy man.</l>
               <l>Famous <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>, most gracious
Prince,</l>
               <l>Lend fauourable eare to our requests,</l>
               <l>And pardon vs the interruption</l>
               <l>Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
               <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
               <l>My Lord, there needs no such Apologie:</l>
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    <l>I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,</l>
    <l>Who earnest in the seruice of my God,</l>
    <l>Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.</l>
    <l>But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>Euen that (I hope<hi rend="italic">)</hi> which pleaseth God aboue,</l>
    <l>And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I doe suspect I haue done some offence,</l>
    <l>That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,</l>
    <l>And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">s2</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi rend="italic">Buck.</hi> You</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0548-0.jpg" n="192"/>
  <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>You haue, my Lord:</l>
    <l>Would it might please your Grace,</l>
    <l>On our entreaties, to amend your fault.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne</l>
    <l>The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,</l>
    <l>The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,</l>
    <l>Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,</l>
    <l>The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,</l>
    <l>To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;</l>
    <l>Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,</l>
    <l>Which here we waken to our Countries good,</l>
    <l>The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:</l>
    <l>His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,</l>
    <l>His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,</l>
    <l>And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe</l>
    <l>Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion.</l>
    <l>Which to recure, we heartily solicite</l>
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<l>Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge</l>
<l>And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:</l>
<l>Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,</l>
<l>Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;</l>
<l>But as suceessiuely, from Blood to Blood,</l>
<l>Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.</l>
<l>For this, consorted with the Citizens,</l>
<l>Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,</l>
<l>And by their vehement instigation,</l>
<l>In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,</l>
<l>Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,</l>
<l>Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.</l>
<l>If not to answer, you might haply thinke,</l>
<l>Tongue&#x2011;ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded</l>
<l>To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,</l>
<l>Which fondly you would here impose on me.</l>
<l>If to reproue you for this suit of yours,</l>
<l>So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,</l>
<l>Then on the other side I check'd my friends.</l>
<l>Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,</l>
<l>And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,</l>
<l>Definitiuely thus I answer you.</l>
<l>Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert</l>
<l>Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.</l>
<l>First, if all Obstacles were cut away,</l>
<l>And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,</l>
<l>As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:</l>
<l>Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,</l>
<l>So mightie, and so manie my defects,</l>
<l>That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,</l>
<l>Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;</l>
<l>Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,</l>
<l>And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.</l>
<l>But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,</l>
<l>And much I need to helpe you, were there need:</l>
<l>The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,</l>
<l>Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,</l>
<l>Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,</l>
<l>And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.</l>
<l>On him I lay that, you would lay on me,</l>
<l>The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,</l>
<l>Which God defend that I should wring from him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,</l>

<l>But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,</l>
<l>All circumstances well considered.</l>
<l>You say, that <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> is your Brothers Sonne,</l>
<l>So say we too, but not by <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Wife:</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>For first was he contract to Lady <hi rend="italic">Lucie</hi>,</l>
<l>Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;</l>
<l>And afterward by substitute betroth'd</l>
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi>, Sister to the King of France.</l>
<l>These both put off, a poore Petitioner,</l>
<l>A Care&#x2011;cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,</l>
<l>A Beautie&#x2011;waining, and distressed Widow,</l>
<l>Euen in the after&#x2011;noone of her best dayes,</l>
<l>Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,</l>
<l>Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,</l>
<l>To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.</l>
<l>By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got</l>
<l>This <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, whom our Manners call the Prince.</l>
<l>More bitterly could I expostulate,</l>
<l>Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,</l>
<l>I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.</l>
<l>Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe</l>
<l>This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:</l>
<l>If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,</l>
<l>Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie</l>
<l>From the corruption of abusing times,</l>
<l>Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
<speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
<l>Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
<speaker rend="italic">Catesb.</speaker>
<l>O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?</l>
<l>I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:</l>
<l>I doe beseech you take it not amisse,</l>

<l>I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,</l>
    <l>Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,</l>
    <l>As well we know your tendernesse of heart,</l>
    <l>And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,</l>
    <l>Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,</l>
    <l>And egally indeede to all Estates:</l>
    <l>Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,</l>
    <l>Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,</l>
    <l>But we will plant some other in the Throne,</l>
    <l>To the disgrace and downe&#x2011;fall of your House:</l>
    <l>And in this resolution here we leaue you.</l>
    <l>Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Catesb.</speaker>
    <l>Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:</l>
    <l>If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.</l>
    <l>Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,</l>
    <l>But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,</l>
    <l>Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Buckingham,
and the rest.</stage>
    <l>Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,</l>
    <l>Since you will buckle fortune on my back,</l>
    <l>To beare her burthen, where I will or no.</l>
    <l>I must haue patience to endure the Load:</l>
    <l>But if black Scandall, or foule&#x2011;fac'd Reproach,</l>
    <l>Attend the sequell of your Imposition,</l>
    <l>Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me</l>
    <l>From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;</l>
    <l>For God doth know, and you may partly see,</l>
    <l>How farre I am from the desire of this.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-may">
    <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
    <l>God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
        <lb/>say it.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>In saying so, you shall but say the truth.</l>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>Then I salute you with this Royall Title,</l>
          <l>Long liue King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Englands worthie King.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <l>Amen.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.</l>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi rend="italic">Buck.</hi> To</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0549-0.jpg" n="193"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
          <l>To morrow then we will attend your Grace,</l>
          <l>And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.</l>
          <l>Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            </div>
        </div>
      <div type="act" n="4">
            <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
              <lb/>Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Duch. Yorke.</speaker>
          <l>Who meetes vs heere?</l>
          <l>My Neece <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
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    <l>Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?</l>
    <l>Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,</l>
    <l>On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.</l>
    <l>Daughter, well met.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
    <l>God giue your Graces both, a happie</l>
    <l>And a ioyfull time of day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>As much to you, good Sister: whither away?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
    <l>No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,</l>
    <l>Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,</l>
    <l>To gratulate the gentle Princes there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together:</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Lieutenant.</stage>
    <l>And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.</l>
    <l>Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,</l>
    <l>How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-lie">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
    <l>Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,</l>
    <l>I may not suffer you to visit them,</l>
    <l>The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>The King? who's that?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-lie">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
    <l>I meane, the Lord Protector.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.</l>
    <l>Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?</l>
    <l>I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duch. Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
        <lb/>them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
    <l>Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:</l>
    <l>Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,</l>
    <l>And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-lie">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
    <l>No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:</l>
    <l>I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Lieutenant.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Stanley.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>
    <l>Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,</l>
    <l>And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,</l>
    <l>And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes,</l>
    <l>Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,</l>
    <l>There to be crowned <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>
Royall Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Ah, cut my Lace asunder,</l>
    <l>That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,</l>
    <l>Or else I swoone with this dead&#x2011;killing newes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
    <l>Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-dor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dors.</speaker>
    <l>Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
        <lb/>Grace?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>O <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>, speake not to me, get thee
gone,</l>
    <l>Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,</l>
    <l>Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.</l>
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        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>If thou wilt out&#x2011;strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,</l>
        <l>And liue with <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>, from the reach of Hell.</l>
        <l>Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter&#x2011;house,</l>
        <l>Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,</l>
        <l>And make me dye the thrall of <hi rend="italic">Margarets</hi> Curse,</l>
        <l>Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>
        <l>Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:</l>
        <l>Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:</l>
        <l>You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,</l>
        <l>In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:</l>
        <l>Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Duch. Yorke.</speaker>
        <l>O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie,</l>
        <l>O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:</l>
        <l>A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,</l>
        <l>Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>
        <l>Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
        <l>And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.</l>
        <l>O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge</l>
        <l>Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,</l>
        <l>Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,</l>
        <l>Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,</l>
        <l>And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,</l>
        <l>To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
        <l>No: why<c rend="italic">?</c> When he that is my Husband now,</l>
        <l>Came to me, as I follow'd <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi></l>
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Corse,</l>
            <l>When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,</l>
            <l>Which issued from my other Angell Husband,</l>
            <l>And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:</l>
            <l>O, when I say I look'd on <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>
Face,</l>
            <l>This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,</l>
            <l>For making me, so young, so old a Widow:</l>
            <l>And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;</l>
            <l>And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,</l>
            <l>More miserable, by the Life of thee,</l>
            <l>Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.</l>
            <l>Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,</l>
            <l>Within so small a time, my Womans heart</l>
            <l>Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,</l>
            <l>And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,</l>
            <l>Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:</l>
            <l>For neuer yet one howre in his Bed</l>
            <l>Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,</l>
            <l>But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.</l>
            <l>Besides, he hates me for my Father <hi
rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
            <l>And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
            <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
            <l>No more, then with my soule I mourne for
               <lb/>yours.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-dor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dors.</speaker>
            <l>Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
            <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
            <l>Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
               <lb/>of it.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Du. Y.</speaker>
            <l>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>, &amp; good
fortune guide thee,</l>
            <l>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and good
Angels tend thee,</l>
            <l>Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse
thee,</l>

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                        <l>I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.</l>
                        <l>Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,</l>
                        <l>And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                        <l>Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.</l>
                        <l>Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,</l>
                        <l>Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,</l>
                        <l>Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,</l>
                        <l>Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play&#x2011;fellow,</l>
                        <l>For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;</l>
                        <l>So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">s3</fw>
                    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">Sound</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0550-0.jpg" n="194"/>
                    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="2">
                    <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound a Sennet. Enter
Richard in pompe, Buc&#x00AD;
                    <lb/>kingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                        <l>My gracious Soueraigne.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>Giue me thy hand.</l>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound.</stage>
                        <l>Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,</l>
                        <l>Is King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> seated:</l>
                        <l>But shall we weare these Glories for a day?</l>
                        <l>Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                        <l>Still liue they, and for euer let them last.</l>
                    </sp>
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                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                       <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, now doe I play the
Touch,</l>
                       <l>To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:</l>
                       <l>Young <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> liues, thinke now
what I would speake.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                       <l>Say on my louing Lord.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                       <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, I say I would be
King.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                       <l>Why so you are, my thrice&#x2011;renowned Lord.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                       <l>Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
liues.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                       <l>True, Noble Prince.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                       <l>O bitter consequence!</l>
                       <l>That <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> still should liue true
Noble Prince.</l>
                       <l>Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.</l>
                       <l>Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,</l>
                       <l>And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.</l>
                       <l>What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
                       <l>Your Grace may doe your pleasure.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                       <l>Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:</l>
                       <l>Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
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<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
<l>Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,</l>
<l>Before I positiuely speake in this:</l>
<l>I will resolue you herein presently.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Buck.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
<speaker rend="italic">Catesby.</speaker>
<l>The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>I will conuerse with Iron&#x2011;witted Fooles,</l>
<l>And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,</l>
<l>That looke into me with considerate eyes,</l>
<l>High&#x2011;reaching <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> growes circumspect.</l>
<l>Boy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold</l>
<l>Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<l>I know a discontented Gentleman,</l>
<l>Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:</l>
<l>Gold were as good as twentie Orators,</l>
<l>And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>What is his Name?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<l>His Name, my Lord, is <hi rend="italic">Tirrell</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
<lb/>Boy.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<l>The deepe reuoluing wittie <hi

rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
            <l>No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.</l>
            <l>Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,</l>
            <l>And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Stanley.</stage>
            <l>How now, Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, what's the
newes?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>
            <l>Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse <hi
rend="italic">Dorset</hi></l>
            <l>As I heare, is fled to <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>,</l>
            <l>In the parts where he abides.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, rumor it
abroad,</l>
            <l>That <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> my Wife is very grieuous
sicke,</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>I will take order for her keeping close.</l>
            <l>Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,</l>
            <l>Whom I will marry straight to <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi> Daughter:</l>
            <l>The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.</l>
            <l>Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,</l>
            <l>That <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>, my Queene, is sicke,
and like to dye.</l>
            <l>About it, for it stands me much vpon</l>
            <l>To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.</l>
            <l>I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,</l>
            <l>Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:</l>
            <l>Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,</l>
            <l>Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in</l>
            <l>So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,</l>
            <l>Teare‑falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Tyrrel.</stage>
            <l>Is thy Name <hi rend="italic">Tyrrel</hi>?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Iames Tyrrel</hi>, and your most
obedient subiect.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

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        <l>Art thou indeed?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
        <l>Proue me, my gracious Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
        <l>Please you:</l>
        <l>But I had rather kill two enemies.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,</l>
        <l>Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,</l>
        <l>Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Tyrrel</hi>, I meane those Bastards in
the Tower.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
        <l>Let me haue open meanes to come to them,</l>
        <l>And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Thou sing'st sweet Musique;</l>
        <l>Hearke, come hither <hi rend="italic">Tyrrel</hi>,</l>
        <l>Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare,</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Whispers.</stage>
        <l>There is no more but so: say it is done,</l>
        <l>And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
        <l>I will dispatch it straight.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Buckingham.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
        <l>My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,</l>
        <l>The late request that you did sound me in.</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Well, let that rest: <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi> is fled to
<hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>I heare the newes, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, hee is your Wiues Sonne:
well, looke
        <lb/>vnto it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,</l>
    <l>For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,</l>
    <l>Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,</l>
    <l>Which you haue promised I shall possesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi> looke to your Wife: if she
conuey</l>
    <l>Letters to <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>, you shall
answer it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>I doe remember me, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the
Sixt</l>
    <l>Did prophecie, that <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>
should be King,</l>
    <l>When <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> was a little
peeuish Boy.</l>
    <l>A King perhaps.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
    <l>May it please you to resolue me in my suit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
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<l>Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
<l>And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice</l>
<l>With such contempt? made I him King for this?</l>
<l>O let me thinke on <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, and be gone</l>
<l>To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tyrrel.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
<speaker rend="italic">Tyr.</speaker>
<l>The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,</l>
<l>The most arch deed of pittious massacre</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0551-0.jpg" n="195"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>That euer yet this Land was guilty of:</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Dighton</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Forrest</hi>, who I did suborne</l>
<l>To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,</l>
<l>Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,</l>
<l>Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,</l>
<l>Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.</l>
<l>O thus (quoth <hi rend="italic">Dighton</hi>) lay the gentle Babes;</l>
<l>Thus, thus (quoth <hi rend="italic">Forrest</hi>) girdling one another</l>
<l>Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:</l>
<l>Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,</l>
<l>And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.</l>
<l>A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,</l>
<l>Which one (quoth <hi rend="italic">Forrest</hi>) almost chang'd my minde:</l>
<l>But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:</l>
<l>When <hi rend="italic">Dighton</hi> thus told on, we smothered</l>
<l>The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,</l>
<l>That from the prime Creation ere she framed.</l>
<l>Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,</l>
<l>They could not speake, and so I left them both,</l>

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        <l>To beare this tydings to the bloody King.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Richard.</stage>

        <l>And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
        <l>Kinde <hi rend="italic">Tirrell</hi>, am I happy in thy
Newes.</l>

    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tir.</speaker>
        <l>If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,</l>
        <l>Beget your happinesse, be happy then,</l>
        <l>For it is done.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>But did'st thou see them dead.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tir.</speaker>
        <l>I did my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>And buried gentle <hi rend="italic">Tirrell</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tir.</speaker>
        <l>The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,</l>
        <l>But where (to say the truth) I do not know.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Come to me <hi rend="italic">Tirrel</hi> soone, and after
Supper,</l>

        <l>When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.</l>
        <l>Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,</l>
        <l>And be inheritor of thy desire.</l>
        <l>Farewell till then.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-tyr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tir.</speaker>
        <l>I humbly take my leaue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>The Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> haue I pent
vp close,</l>
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<l>His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,</l>
<l>The Sonnes of <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> sleepe in <hi rend="italic">Abrahams</hi> bosome,</l>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> my wife hath bid this world good night.</l>
<l>Now for I know the Britaine <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> aymes</l>
<l>At yong <hi rend="italic">Elizabeth</hi> my brothers daughter,</l>
<l>And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,</l>
<l>To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ratcliffe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
<lb/>bluntly?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
<l>Bad news my Lord, <hi rend="italic">Mourton</hi> is fled to Richmond,</l>
<l>And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen</l>
<l>Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,</l>
<l>Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.</l>
<l>Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting</l>
<l>Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.</l>
<l>Delay leds impotent and Snaile&#x2011;pac'd Beggery:</l>
<l>Then fierie expedition be my wing,</l>
<l>Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:</l>
<l>Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,</l>
<l>We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the field.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Queene

Margaret.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                      <l>So now prosperity begins to mellow,</l>
                      <l>And drop into the rotten mouth of death:</l>
                      <l>Heere in these Confines slily haue I lurkt,</l>
                      <l>To watch the waining of mine enemies.</l>
                      <l>A dire induction, am I witnesse to,</l>
                      <l>And will to France, hoping the consequence</l>
                      <l>Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.</l>
                      <l>Withdraw thee wretched <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,
who comes heere?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dutchesse and
Queene.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                      <l>Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:</l>
                      <l>My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets:</l>
                      <l>If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,</l>
                      <l>And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,</l>
                      <l>Houer about me with your ayery wings,</l>
                      <l>And heare your mothers Lamentation.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                      <l>Houer about her, say that right for right</l>
                      <l>Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
                      <l>So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,</l>
                      <l>That my woe‑wearied tongue is still and mute.</l>
                      <l><hi rend="italic">Edward Plantagenet</hi>, why art thou
dead?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
                      <l><hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi> doth quit <hi
rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
                      <l><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> for <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi>, payes a dying debt.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
                      <l>Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,</l>
                      <l>And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
                      <l>When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?</l>
                    </sp>

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<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <l>When holy <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> dyed, and my sweet Sonne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,</l>
   <l>Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,</l>
   <l>Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,</l>
   <l>Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,</l>
   <l>Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Graue,</l>
   <l>As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:</l>
   <l>Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,</l>
   <l>Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <l>If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,</l>
   <l>Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,</l>
   <l>And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand</l>
   <l>If sorrow can admit Society.</l>
   <l>I had an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
   <l>I had a Husband, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
   <l>Thou had'st an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
   <l>Thou had'st a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>I had a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> too, and thou did'st kill him;</l>
   <l>I had a <hi rend="italic">Rutland</hi> too, thou hop'st to kill him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <l>Thou had'st a <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> too,</l>
   <l>And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him.</l>
   <l>From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept</l>
   <l>A Hell&#x2011;hound that doth hunt vs all to death:</l>
   <l>That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,</l>
   <l>To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:</l>
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<l>That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:</l>
<l>That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:</l>
<l>That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,</l>
<l>Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.</l>
<l>O vpright, iust, and true&#x2011;disposing God,</l>
<l>How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Prayes</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0552-0.jpg" n="196"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,</l>
<l>And makes her Pue&#x2011;fellow with others mone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Harries</hi> wife, triumph not in my woes:</l>
<l>God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,</l>
<l>And now I cloy me with beholding it.</l>
<l>Thy <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> he is dead, that kill'd my <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
<l>The other <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> dead, to quit my <hi rend="italic">Edward:</hi></l>
<l>Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they</l>
<l>Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.</l>
<l>Thy <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> he is dead, that stab'd my <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
<l>And the beholders of this franticke play,</l>
<l>Ih'adulterate <hi rend="italic">Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,</hi></l>
<l>Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,</l>
<l>Onely reseru'd their Factor, to buy soules,</l>
<l>And send them thither: But at hand, at hand</l>
<l>Insues his pittious and vnpittied end.</l>
<l>Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,</l>
<l>To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:</l>
<l>Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,</l>
<l>That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,</l>
<l>That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse</l>
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        <l>That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch&#x2011;back'd
Toad.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <l>I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:</l>
        <l>I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,</l>
        <l>The presentation of but what I was;</l>
        <l>The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;</l>
        <l>One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:</l>
        <l>A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;</l>
        <l>A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge</l>
        <l>To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;</l>
        <l>A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;</l>
        <l>A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene.</l>
        <l>Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?</l>
        <l>Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?</l>
        <l>Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the
Queene?</l>
        <l>Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?</l>
        <l>Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?</l>
        <l>Decline all this, and see what now thou art.</l>
        <l>For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:</l>
        <l>For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:</l>
        <l>For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:</l>
        <l>For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:</l>
        <l>For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:</l>
        <l>For she being feared of all, now fearing one:</l>
        <l>For she commanding all, obey'd of none.</l>
        <l>Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,</l>
        <l>And left thee but a very prey to time,</l>
        <l>Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.</l>
        <l>To torture thee the more, being what thou art,</l>
        <l>Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not</l>
        <l>Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?</l>
        <l>Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,</l>
        <l>From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,</l>
        <l>And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.</l>
        <l>Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,</l>
        <l>These English woes, shall make me smile in France.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a&#x2011;while,</l>
        <l>And teach me how to curse mine enemies.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qma">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <l>Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:</l>
        <l>Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:</l>
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<l>Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,</l>
<l>And he that slew them fowler then he is:</l>
<l>Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.</l><note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Thy woes will make them sharpe,</l>
<l>And pierce like mine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Margaret.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Why should calamity be full of words?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,</l>
<l>Ayery succeeders of intestine ioyes,</l>
<l>Poore breathing Orators of miseries,</l>
<l>Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,</l>
<l>Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>If so then, be not Tongue&#x2011;ty'd: go with me,</l>
<l>And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother</l>
<l>My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.</l>
<l>The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Richard, and his Traine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Who intercepts me in my Expedition?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>O she, that might haue intercepted thee</l>
<l>By strangling thee in her <choice><orig>aceursed</orig><corr>accursed</corr></choice> wombe,</l>
<l>From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne</l>
  <l>Where't should be branded, if that right were right?</l>
  <l>The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,</l>
  <l>And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.</l>
  <l>Tell me thou Villaine&#x2011;slaue, where are my Children?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Thou Toad, thou Toade,</l>
  <l>Where is thy Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>?</l>
  <l>And little <hi rend="italic">Ned Plantagenet</hi> his Sonne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Where is the gentle <hi rend="italic">Riuers, Vaughan, Gray</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Where is kinde <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:</l>
  <l>Let not the Heauens heare these Tell&#x2011;tale women</l>
  <l>Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish. Alarums.</stage>
  <l>Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,</l>
  <l>Or with the clamorous report of Warre,</l>
  <l>Thus will I drowne your exclamations.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Art thou my Sonne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Then patiently heare my impatience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
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<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,</l>
<l>That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>O let me speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Do then, but Ile not heare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>I will be milde, and gentle in my words.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee</l>
<l>(God knowes) in torment and in agony.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>And came I not at last to comfort you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,</l>
<l>Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.</l>
<l>A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,</l>
<l>Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.</l>
<l>Thy School&#x2011;daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and
furious,</l>
<l>Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:</l>
<l>Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,</l>
<l>More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:</l>
<l>What comfortable houre canst thou name,</l>
<l>That euer grac'd me with thy company?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Faith none, but <hi rend="italic">Humfrey
Hower</hi>,</l>
<l>That call'd your Grace</l>
<l>To Breakefast once, forth of my company.</l>
<l>If I be so disgracious in your eye,</l>
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      <l>Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.</l>
      <l>Strike vp the Drumme.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <l>I prythee heare me speake.</l>
   </sp>
   <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">Rich.</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0553-0.jpg" n="197"/>
   <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>You speake too bitterly.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <l>Heare me a word:</l>
      <l>For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>So.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-duc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <l>Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance</l>
      <l>Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:</l>
      <l>Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,</l>
      <l>And neuer more behold thy face againe.</l>
      <l>Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse,</l>
      <l>Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more</l>
      <l>Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.</l>
      <l>My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,</l>
      <l>And there the little soules of <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Children,</l>
      <l>Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,</l>
      <l>And promise them Successe and Victory:</l>
      <l>Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:</l>
      <l>Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
      <l>Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse</l>
      <l>Abides in me, I say Amen to her.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood</l>
        <l>For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (<hi
rend="italic">Richard</hi>)</l>
        <l>They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:</l>
        <l>And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>You haue a daughter call'd <hi
rend="italic">Elizabeth</hi>,</l>
        <l>Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>And must she dye for this? O let her liue,</l>
        <l>And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,</l>
        <l>Slander my Selfe, as false to <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> bed:</l>
        <l>Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,</l>
        <l>So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,</l>
        <l>I will confesse she was not <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
daughter.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Her life is safest onely in her byrth.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
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    <l>No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.</l>
    <l>My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,</l>
    <l>If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich,</speaker>
    <l>You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,</l>
    <l>Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,</l>
    <l>Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,</l>
    <l>Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.</l>
    <l>No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,</l>
    <l>Till it was whetted on thy stone&#x2011;hard heart,</l>
    <l>To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.</l>
    <l>But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,</l>
    <l>My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,</l>
    <l>Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:</l>
    <l>And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,</l>
    <l>Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,</l>
    <l>Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize</l>
    <l>And dangerous successe of bloody warres,</l>
    <l>As I intend more good to you and yours,</l>
    <l>Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,</l>
    <l>To be discouered, that can do me good.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
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    <l>Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,</l>
    <l>The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.</l>
  </sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Flatter my sorrow with report of it:</l>
    <l>Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,</l>
    <l>Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,</l>
    <l>Will I withall indow a childe of thine:</l>
    <l>So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,</l>
    <l>Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,</l>
    <l>Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse</l>
    <l>Last longer telling then thy kindness date.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Then know,</l>
    <l>That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>What do you thinke?</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule</l>
    <l>So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,</l>
    <l>And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:</l>
    <l>I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,</l>
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        <l>And do intend to make her Queene of England.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Well then, who dost y<c rend="superscript">u</c> meane
shallbe her King.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Euen he that makes her Queene:</l>
        <l>Who else should bee?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Q<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>.</speaker>
        <l>What, thou?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Euen so: How thinke you of it?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>How canst thou woo her?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>That I would learne of you,</l>
        <l>As one being best acquainted with her humour.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>And wilt thou learne of me<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Madam, with all my heart.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,</l>
        <l>A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, then haply will she weepe:</l>
        <l>Therefore present to her, as sometime <hi
rend="italic">Margaret</hi></l>
        <l>Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,</l>
        <l>A hand&#x2011;kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne</l>
        <l>The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,</l>
        <l>And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.</l>
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    <l>If this inducement moue her not to loue,</l>
    <l>Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:</l>
    <l>Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle <hi
rend="italic">Clarence</hi>,</l>
    <l>Her Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, I (and for her
sake)</l>
    <l>Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt <hi
rend="italic">Anne</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>You mocke me Madam, this not the way</l>
    <l>To win your daughter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>There is no other way,</l>
    <l>Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,</l>
    <l>And not be <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, that hath done
all this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Say that 1 did all this for loue of her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee</l>
    <l>Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:</l>
    <l>Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,</l>
    <l>Which after&#x2011;houres giues leysure to repent.</l>
    <l>If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,</l>
    <l>To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:</l>
    <l>If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,</l>
    <l>To quicken your encrease, I will beget</l>
    <l>Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:</l>
    <l>A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,</l>
    <l>Then is the doting Title of a Mother;</l>
    <l>They are as Children but one steppe below,</l>
    <l>Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:</l>
    <l>Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes</l>
    <l>Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.</l>
    <l>Your Children were vexation to your youth,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0554-0.jpg" n="198"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
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Third.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,</l>
<l>The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,</l>
<l>And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.</l>
<l>I cannot make you what amends I would,</l>
<l>Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi> your Sonne, that with a
fearfull soule</l>
<l>Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,</l>
<l>This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home</l>
<l>To high Promotions, and great Dignity.</l>
<l>The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,</l>
<l>Familiarly shall call thy <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>,
Brother:</l>
<l>Againe shall you be Mother to a King:</l>
<l>And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,</l>
<l>Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.</l>
<l>What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:</l>
<l>The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,</l>
<l>Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,</l>
<l>Aduantaging their Loue, with interest</l>
<l>Of ten&#x2011;times double gaine of happinesse.</l>
<l>Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,</l>
<l>Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,</l>
<l>Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.</l>
<l>Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame</l>
<l>Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse</l>
<l>With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:</l>
<l>And when this Arme of mine hath chastised</l>
<l>The petty Rebell, dull&#x2011;brain'd <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
<l>Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,</l>
<l>And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:</l>
<l>To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,</l>
<l>And she shalbe sole Victoresse, <hi
rend="italic">C&#x00E6;sars C&#x00E6;sar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother</l>
<l>Would be her Lord<c rend="italic">?</c> Or shall I say her
Vnkle?</l>
<l>Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?</l>
<l>Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,</l>
<l>That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,</l>
<l>Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

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    <l>Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Say I will loue her euerlastingly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>But how long shall that title euer last?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>As long as Hell and <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> likes of
it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
       <l>Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
       <l>Then plainly, to her, tell my louing tale.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
       <l>Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,</l>
       <l>Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,</l>
       <l>Harpe on it still shall I, till heart&#x2011;strings
breake.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
       <l>Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.</l>
       <l>Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
       <l>I sweare.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
       <l>By nothing, for this is no Oath:</l>
       <l>Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;</l>
       <l>Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;</l>
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    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:</l>
    <l>If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,</l>
    <l>Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Then by my Selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Thy Selfe, is selfe&#x2011;misvs'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Now by the World.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>My Fathers death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Thy life hath it dishonor'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Why then, by Heauen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Hea<c rend="inverted">u</c>ens wrong is most of all:</l>
    <l>If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,</l>
    <l>The vnity the King my husband made,</l>
    <l>Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.</l>
    <l>If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,</l>
    <l>Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,</l>
    <l>Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,</l>
    <l>And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,</l>
    <l>Which now two tender Bed&#x2011;fellowes for dust,</l>
    <l>Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.</l>
    <l>What can'st thou sweare by now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>The time to come.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>That thou hast wronged in the time ore&#x2011;past:</l>
   <l>For I my selfe haue many teares to wash</l>
   <l>Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.</l>
   <l>The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,</l>
   <l>Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:</l>
   <l>The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,</l>
   <l>Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.</l>
   <l>Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast</l>
   <l>Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill&#x2011;vs'd repast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>As I entend to prosper, and repent:</l>
   <l>So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres</l>
   <l>Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:</l>
   <l>Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:</l>
   <l>Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.</l>
   <l>Be opposite all Planets of good lucke</l>
   <l>To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,</l>
   <l>Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,</l>
   <l>I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.</l>
   <l>In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:</l>
   <l>Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;</l>
   <l>Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,</l>
   <l>Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:</l>
   <l>It cannot be auoyded, but by this:</l>
   <l>It will not be auoyded, but by this.</l>
   <l>Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)</l>
   <l>Be the Atturney of my loue to her:</l>
   <l>Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;</l>
   <l>Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:</l>
   <l>Vrge the Necessity and state of times,</l>
   <l>And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
   <l>I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Yet thou didst kil my Children.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>But in your daughters wombe I bury them.</l>
        <l>Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed</l>
        <l>Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Shall I go win my daughter to thy will<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>And be a happy Mother by the deed.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-qel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>I go, write to me very shortly,</l>
        <l>And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Q.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.</l>
        <l>Relenting Foole, and shallow&#x2011;changing
Woman.</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0555-0.jpg" n="199"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>How now, what newes?</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Ratcliffe.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
        <l>Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast</l>
        <l>Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores</l>
        <l>Throng many doubtfull hollow&#x2011;hearted
friends,</l>
        <l>Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe.</l>
        <l>'Tis thought, that <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> is their
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Admirall:</l>
                    <l>And there they hull, expecting but the aide</l>
                    <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, to welcome them
ashore.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Some light‑foot friend post to yͤ Duke of
Norfolk:</l>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi> thy selfe, or <hi
rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, where is hee?</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
                    <l>Here, my good Lord.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, flye to the Duke.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
                    <l>I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> come hither, poste to
Salisbury:</l>
                    <l>When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,</l>
                    <l>Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
                    <l>First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,</l>
                    <l>What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>O true, good <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi>, bid him leuie
straight</l>
                    <l>The greatest strength and power that he can make,</l>
                    <l>And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
                    <l>I goe.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                  <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>

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      <l>What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis&#x00AD;
          <lb/>bury?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
          <lb/>goe?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
      <l>Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>My minde is chang'd:</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord
Stanley.</stage>

      <l><hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, what newes with you?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sta.</speaker>
      <l>None, good my Liege, to please you with y&#x0364;
hearing,</l>

      <l>Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:</l>
      <l>What need'st thou runne so many miles about,</l>
      <l>When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?</l>
      <l>Once more, what newes?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> is on the Seas.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,</l>
      <l>White&#x2011;liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
      <l>I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
      <l>Well, as you guesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
                    <l>Stirr'd vp by <hi rend="italic">Dorset, Buckingham</hi>,
and <hi rend="italic">Morton</hi>,</l>
                    <l>He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?</l>
                    <l>Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?</l>
                    <l>What Heire of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is there aliue,
but wee?</l>
                    <l>And who is Englands King, but great <hi
rend="italic">Yorkes</hi> Heire?</l>
                    <l>Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
                    <l>Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,</l>
                    <l>You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.</l>
                    <l>Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
                    <l>No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Where is thy Power then, to beat him back<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
                    <l>Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?</l>
                    <l>Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,</l>
                    <l>Safe&#x2011;conducting the Rebels from their
Shippes?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
                    <l>No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
                        <lb/>North.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                    <l>Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,</l>
                    <l>When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?</l>
                </sp>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
          <l>They haue not been commanded, mighty King:</l>
          <l>Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,</l>
          <l>Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,</l>
          <l>Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with <hi
rend="italic">Richmond:</hi></l>
          <l>But Ile not trust thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
          <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
          <l>Most mightie Soueraigne,</l>
          <l>You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,</l>
          <l>I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind</l>
          <l>Your Sonne <hi rend="italic">George Stanley:</hi> looke
your heart be firme,</l>
          <l>Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
          <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
          <l>So deale with him, as I proue true to you.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Stanley.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,</l>
          <l>As I by friends am well aduertised,</l>
          <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Edward Courtney</hi>, and the
haughtie Prelate,</l>
          <l>Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,</l>
          <l>With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-mes.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
          <l>In Kent, my Liege, the <hi rend="italic">Guilfords</hi> are
in Armes,</l>
          <l>And euery houre more Competitors</l>
          <l>Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.</l>
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                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-mes.3">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                        <l>My Lord, the Armie of great <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,</l>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He striketh
him.</stage>
                        <l>There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-mes.3">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                        <l>The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,</l>
                        <l>Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Buckinghams</hi> Armie is dispers'd and
scatter'd,</l>
                        <l>And he himselfe wandred away alone,</l>
                        <l>No man knowes whither.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                        <l>I cry thee mercie:</l>
                        <l>There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.</l>
                        <l>Hath any well&#x2011;aduised friend proclaym'd</l>
                        <l>Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                        <l>Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-mes">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                        <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Louell</hi>, and Lord
Marquesse <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>,</l>
                        <l>'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:</l>
                        <l>But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,</l>
                        <l>The Brittaine Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest.</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> in Dorsetshire sent out a
Boat</l>
                        <l>Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,</l>
                        <l>If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?</l>
                        <l>Who answer'd him, they came from <hi
rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
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        <l>Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,</l>
        <l>Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittaine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,</l>
        <l>If not to fight with forraine Enemies,</l>
        <l>Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Catesby.</stage>

      <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
        <l>My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,</l>
        <l>That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Is</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0556-0.jpg" n="200"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>

        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,</l>
        <l>Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,</l>
        <l>A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:</l>
        <l>Some one take order Buckingham be brought</l>
        <l>To Salsbury, the rest march on with me.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Florish.
Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Derby, and Sir
Christopher.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
        <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Christopher</hi>, tell <hi
rend="italic">Richmond</hi> this from me,</l>
        <l>That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,</l>
        <l>My Sonne <hi rend="italic">George Stanley</hi> is frankt
vp in hold:</l>
        <l>If I reuolt, off goes yong <hi rend="italic">Georges</hi>
head,</l>
        <l>The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.</l>
        <l>So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.</l>
        <l>Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented</l>
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        <l>He should espouse <hi rend="italic">Elizabeth</hi> hir
daughter.</l>
        <l>But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-chr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Chri.</speaker>
        <l>At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
        <l>What men of Name resort to him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-chr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Chri,</speaker>
        <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter Herbert,</hi> a renowned
Souldier,</l>
        <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Gilbert Talbot</hi>, Sir <hi
rend="italic">William Stanley</hi>,</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, redoubted <hi
rend="italic">Pembroke</hi>, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iames Blunt</hi>,</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Rice ap Thomas</hi>, with a valiant
Crew,</l>
        <l>And many other of great name and worth:</l>
        <l>And towards London do they bend their power,</l>
        <l>If by the way they be not fought withall.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
        <l>Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,</l>
        <l>My Letter will resolue him of my minde.</l>
        <l>Farewell.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
        </div>
        <div type="act" n="5">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Buckingham
with Halberds, led
        <lb/>to Execution.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
        <l>Will not King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> let me speake
with him?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-she">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sher.</speaker>
        <l>No my good Lord, therefore be patient.</l>
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                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> children, <hi rend="italic">Gray</hi> &amp; <hi
rend="italic">Riuers</hi>,</l>
                        <l>Holy King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and thy faire
Sonne <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Vaughan</hi>, and all that haue
miscarried</l>
                        <l>By vnder&#x2011;hand corrupted foule iniustice,</l>
                        <l>If that your moody disconcented soules,</l>
                        <l>Do through the clowds behold this present houre,</l>
                        <l>Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.</l>
                        <l>This is All&#x2011;soules day (Fellow) is it not?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-she">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Sher.</speaker>
                        <l>It is.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
                        <l>Why then Al&#x2011;soules day, is my bodies
doomsday</l>
                        <l>This is the day, which in King <hi
rend="italic">Edwards</hi> time</l>
                        <l>I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found</l>
                        <l>False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.</l>
                        <l>This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall</l>
                        <l>By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.</l>
                        <l>This, this All&#x2011;soules day to my fearfull Soule,</l>
                        <l>Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs:</l>
                        <l>That high All&#x2011;seer, which I dallied with,</l>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <l>Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,</l>
                        <l>And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.</l>
                        <l>Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men</l>
                        <l>To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.</l>
                        <l>Thus <hi rend="italic">Margarets</hi> curse falles heauy
on my necke:</l>
                        <l>When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,</l>
                        <l>Remember <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> was a
Prophetesse:</l>
                        <l>Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,</l>
                        <l>Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
Buckingham with Officers.</stage>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="2">
```

<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
<lb/>others with drum and colours.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Richm</speaker>
<l>Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends</l>
<l>Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,</l><note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,</l>
<l>Haue we marcht on without impediment;</l>
<l>And heere receiue we from our Father <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi></l>
<l>Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:</l>
<l>The wretched, bloody and vsurping Boare,</l>
<l>(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)</l>
<l>Swilles your warm blood like wash, &amp; makes his trough</l>
<l>In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine</l>
<l>Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,</l>
<l>Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:</l>
<l>From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.</l>
<l>In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,</l>
<l>To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,</l>
<l>By this one bloody tryall off sharpe Warre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-oxf">
<speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
<l>Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,</l>
<l>To fight against this guilty Homicide.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-blu">
<speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
<l>He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,</l>
<l>Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
<l>All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,</l>
<l>True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,</l>
<l>Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Omnes.</stage>
</div>

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<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe,
  <lb/>and the Earle of Surrey.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,</l>
    <l>My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-sur">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sur.</speaker>
    <l>My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord of Norfolke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
    <l>Heere most gracious Liege.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Norfolke, we must haue knockes:
        <lb/>Ha, must we not?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
    <l>We must both giue and take my louing Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,</l>
    <l>But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.</l>
    <l>Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
    <l>Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>Why our Battalia trebbles that account:</l>
    <l>Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,</l>
    <l>Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.</l>
    <l>Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,</l>
    <l>Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.</l>
    <l>Call for some Men of sound direction:</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Let's</fw>
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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0557-0.jpg" n="201"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<l>Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,</l>
<l>For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox&#x00AD;
<lb/>ford, and Dorset.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
<l>The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,</l>
<l>And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,</l>
<l>Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.</l>
<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">William Brandon</hi>, you shall
beare my Standard:</l>
<l>Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:</l>
<l>Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,</l>
<l>Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,</l>
<l>And part in iust proportion our small Power.</l>
<l>My Lord of Oxford, you Sir <hi rend="italic">William
Brandon</hi>,</l>
<l>And your Sir <hi rend="italic">Walter Herbert</hi> stay
with me:</l>
<l>The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;</l>
<l>Good Captaine <hi rend="italic">Blunt</hi>, beare my
goodnight to him,</l>
<l>And by the second houre in the Morning,</l>
<l>Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:</l>
<l>Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:</l>
<l>Where is Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi> quarter'd, do
you know<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-blu">
<speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
<l>Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,</l>
<l>(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)</l>
<l>His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least</l>
<l>South, from the mighty Power of the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
<l>If without perill it be possible,</l>
<l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Blunt</hi>, make some good
meanes to speak with him</l>
<l>And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-blu">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Blunt.</speaker>
          <l>Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,</l>
          <l>And so God giue you quiet rest to night.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
          <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
          <l>Good night good Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Blunt</hi>:</l>
          <l>Come Gentlemen,</l>
          <l>Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;</l>
          <l>Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
withdraw into the Tent.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard,
Ratcliffe, Norfolke, &amp; Catesby.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>What is't a Clocke?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
          <l>It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l>I will not sup to night,</l>
          <l>Giue me some Inke and Paper:</l>
          <l>What, is my Beauer easier then it was<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
          <l>And all my Armour laid into my Tent?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-cat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
          <l>It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,</l>
          <l>Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
          <l>I go my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
          <l>Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
            <l>I warrant you my Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l>Send out a Pursuiuiant at Armes</l>
            <l>To <hi rend="italic">Stanleys</hi> Regiment: bid him
bring his power</l>
            <l>Before Sun&#x2011;rising, least his Sonne <hi
rend="italic">George</hi> fall</l>
            <l>Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.</l>
            <l>Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,</l>
            <l>Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:</l>
            <l>Look that my Staues be sound, &amp; not too heauy. <hi
rend="italic">Ratcliff</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
            <l>Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
            <l><hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi> the Earle of Surrey, and
himselfe,</l>
            <l>Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope</l>
            <l>Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,</l>
            <l>I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.</l>
            <l>Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-r3-rat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
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        <l>It is my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>, about the mid of night
come to my Tent</l>
        <l>And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I say.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Ratclif.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Derby to
Richmond in his Tent.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
        <l>Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>All comfort that the darke night can affoord,</l>
        <l>Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.</l>
        <l>Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
        <l>I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,</l>
        <l>Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:</l>
        <l>So much for that. The silent houres steale on,</l>
        <l>And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.</l>
        <l>In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,</l>
        <l>Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,</l>
        <l>And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement</l>
        <l>Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:</l>
        <l>I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,</l>
        <l>With best aduantage will deceiue the time,</l>
        <l>And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.</l>
        <l>But on thy side I may not be too forward,</l>
        <l>Least being seene, thy Brother, tender <hi
rend="italic">George</hi></l>
        <l>Be executed in his Fathers sight.</l>
        <l>Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time</l>
        <l>Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,</l>
        <l>And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,</l>
        <l>Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:</l>
        <l>God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.</l>
        <l>Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
        <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
        <l>Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:</l>
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<l>Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,</l>
<l>Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,</l>
<l>When I should mount with wings of Victory:</l>
<l>Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Exeunt.
Manet Richmond.</stage>
<l>O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,</l>
<l>Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:</l>
<l>Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,</l>
<l>That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,</l>
<l>Th'vsurping Helmets of our Aduersaries:</l>
<l>Make vs thy ministers of Chasticement,</l>
<l>That we may praise thee in thy victory:</l>
<l>To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,</l>
<l>Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:</l>
<l>Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Sleeps.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of
Prince Edward, Sonne to
<lb/>Henry the sixt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-pre">
<speaker rend="italic">Gh.</speaker>
<stage rend="italic inline"> to Ri.</stage>
<l>Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:</l>
<l>Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth</l>
<l>At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-pre">
<speaker rend="italic">Ghost</speaker>
<stage rend="italic inline"> to Richm.</stage>
<l>Be chearefull Richmond,</l>
<l>For the wronged Soules</l>
<l>Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:</l>
<l>King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> issue Richmond
comforts thee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of
Henry the sixt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
<l>When I was mortall, my Annointed body</l>
<l>By thee was punched full of holes;</l>
<l>Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the sixt, bids thee dispaire,
and dye.</l>
<stage rend="italic">To Richm.</stage>
<l>Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> that prophesied thou should'st

be King,</l>
                    <l>Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish.</l>
                </sp>
                <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">t</fw>
                <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0558-0.jpg" n="202"/>
                <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of Clarence.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-r3-geo">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
                    <l>Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.</l>
                    <l>I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine:</l>
                    <l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> by thy guile betray'd to death:</l>
                    <l>To morrow in the battell thinke on me,</l>
                    <l>And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic">To Richm.</stage>
                    <l>Thou off‑spring of the house of Lancaster</l>
                    <l>The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,</l>
                    <l>Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Riu</speaker>
                    <l>Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,</l>
                    <l>Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-gre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
                    <l>Thinke vpon <hi rend="italic">Grey</hi>, and let thy soule dispaire.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-vau">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Vaugh.</speaker>
                    <l>Thinke vpon <hi rend="italic">Vaughan</hi>, and with guilty feare</l>
                    <l>Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-r3-all">
                    <speaker rend="italic">All</speaker>
                    <stage rend="italic inline"> to Richm.</stage>
                    <l>Awake,</l>
                    <l>And thinke our wrongs in <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> Bosome,</l>
                    <l>Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.</l>

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                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of
Lord Hastings.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
                            <l>Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,</l>
                            <l>And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.</l>
                            <l>Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-has">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
                            <stage rend="italic inline"> to Rich.</stage>
                            <l>Quiet vntroubled soule,</l>
                            <l>Awake, awake:</l>
                            <l>Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghosts of
the two yong Princes.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-prn #F-r3-yor">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ghosts.</speaker>
                            <l>Dreame on thy Cousins</l>
                            <l>Smothered in the Tower:</l>
                            <l>Let vs be laid within thy bosome <hi
rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</l>
                            <l>And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,</l>
                            <l>Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-prn #F-r3-yor">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ghosts</speaker>
                            <stage rend="italic inline"> to Richm.</stage>
                            <l>Sleepe Richmond,</l>
                            <l>Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,</l>
                            <l>Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,</l>
                            <l>Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,</l>
                            <l><hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> vnhappy Sonnes, do bid
thee flourish.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of
Anne, his Wife.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ghost</speaker>
                            <stage rend="italic inline"> to Rich.</stage>
                            <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, thy Wife,</l>
                            <l>That wretched <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> thy Wife,</l>
                            <l>That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,</l>
                            <l>Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,</l>
                            <l>To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,</l>
                            <l>And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ann">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Ghost</speaker>
        <stage rend="italic inline"> to Richm.</stage>
        <l>Thou quiet soule,</l>
        <l>Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:</l>
        <l>Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,</l>
        <l>Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ghost</speaker>
        <stage rend="italic inline"> to Rich.</stage>
        <l>The first was I</l>
        <l>That help'd thee to the Crowne:</l>
        <l>The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.</l>
        <l>O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,</l>
        <l>And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.</l>
        <l>Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,</l>
        <l>Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.</l>
    </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r3-buc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ghost</speaker>
        <stage rend="italic inline"> to Richm.</stage>
        <l>I dyed for hope</l>
        <l>Ere I could lend thee Ayde;</l>
        <l>But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:</l>
        <l>God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> fall in height of all his pride.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Richard starts out of his dreame.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:</l>
        <l>Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.</l>
        <l>O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
        <l>The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.</l>
        <l>Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> loues <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, that is, I am I.</l>
        <l>Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:</l>
        <l>Then flye; What from my Selfe<c rend="italic">?</c> Great reason: why?</l>
        <l>Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?</l>
        <l>Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good</l>
        <l>That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?</l>
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<l>O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,</l>
<l>For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.</l>
<l>I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.</l>
<l>Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.</l>
<l>My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,</l>
<l>And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,</l>
<l>And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;</l>
<l>Periurie, in the high'st Degree,</l>
<l>Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,</l>
<l>All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,</l>
<l>Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.</l>
<l>I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;</l>
<l>And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.</l>
<l>Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,</l>
<l>Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.</l>
<l>Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd</l>
<l>Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat</l>
<l>To morrowes vengeance on the head of <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ratcliffe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Who's there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
<l><hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi> my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock</l>
<l>Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,</l>
<l>Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>, I feare, I feare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
<speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
<l>Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>By the Apostle <hi rend="italic">Paul</hi>, shadowes to night</l>
<l>Haue stroke more terror to the soule of <hi

rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</l>
                              <l>Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers</l>
                              <l>Armed in proofe, and led by shallow <hi
rend="italic">Richmond</hi>.</l>
                              <l>'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,</l>
                              <l>Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease‑dropper,</l>
                              <l>To heare if any meane to thanke from me.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Richard
& Ratliffe,</stage>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Lords to
Richmond sitting
                              <lb/>in his Tent.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ric"><note resp="#ES">This speech is
conventionally attributed to the Lords.</note>
                              <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
                              <l>Good morrow Richmond.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                              <l>Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,</l>
                              <l>That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-lds">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
                              <l>How haue you slept my Lord?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                              <l>The sweetest sleepe,</l>
                              <l>And fairest boading Dreames,</l>
                              <l>That euer entred in a drowsie head,</l>
                              <l>Haue I since your departure had my Lords.</l>
                              <l>Me thought their Soules, whose bodies <hi
rend="italic"><choice><abbr>Rich.</abbr><expan>Richard</expan></choice></hi>
murther'd,</l>
                              <l>Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:</l>
                              <l>I promise you my Heart is very iocond,</l>
                              <l>In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,</l>
                              <l>How farre into the Morning is it Lords?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-lds">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
                              <l>Vpon the stroke of foure.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
                              <l>Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.</l>
                              <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">His Oration

to his Souldiers.</stage>
                              <l>More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,</l>
                              <l>The leysure and inforcement of the time</l>
                              <l>Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,</l>
                              <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">God</fw>
                              <pb facs="FFimg:axc0559-0.jpg" n="203"/>
                              <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
                              <cb n="1"/>
                              <l>God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,</l>
                              <l>The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,</l>
                              <l>Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,</l>
                              <l>(<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> except) those whom we
fight against,</l>
                              <l>Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.</l>
                              <l>For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,</l>
                              <l>A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:</l>
                              <l>One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;</l>
                              <l>One that made meanes to come by what he hath,</l>
                              <l>And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:</l>
                              <l>A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle</l>
                              <l>Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:</l>
                              <l>One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.</l>
                              <l>Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,</l>
                              <l>God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.</l>
                              <l>If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,</l>
                              <l>You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:</l>
                              <l>If you do fight against your Countries Foes,</l>
                              <l>Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.</l>
                              <l>If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,</l>
                              <l>Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.</l>
                              <l>If you do free your Children from the Sword,</l>
                              <l>Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.</l>
                              <l>Then in the name of God and all these rights,</l>
                              <l>Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.</l>
                              <l>For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,</l>
                              <l>Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.</l>
                              <l>But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,</l>
                              <l>The least of you shall share his part thereof.</l>
                              <l>Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,</l>
                              <l>God, and Saint <hi rend="italic">George, Richmond</hi>,
and Victory.</l>
                     </sp>
                     <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Richard,
Ratcliffe, and Catesby.</stage>
                              <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
                                 <speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>
                                 <l>What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?</l>
                              </sp>
                              <sp who="#F-r3-rat">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
    <l>That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
    <l>He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>He was in the right, and so indeed it is.</l>
    <l>Tell the clocke there.</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Clocke strikes.</stage>
    <l>Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
    <l>N<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES"/>t I my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke</l>
    <l>He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,</l>
    <l>A blacke day will it be to somebody. <hi rend="italic">Ratcliffe</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rat.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>The Sun will not be seene to day,</l>
    <l>The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.</l>
    <l>I would these dewy teares were from the ground.</l>
    <l>Not shine to day<c rend="italic">?</c> Why, what is that to me</l>
    <l>More then to Richmond? For the selfe&#x2011;same Heauen</l>
    <l>That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Norfolke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-nor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
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      <l>Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.</l>
      <l>Call vp Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, bid him bring
his power,</l>
      <l>I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,</l>
      <l>And thus my Battell shal be ordred.</l>
      <l>My Foreward shall be drawne in length,</l>
      <l>Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:</l>
      <l>Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;</l>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> Duke of Norfolke, <hi
rend="italic">Thomas</hi> Earle of Surrey,</l>
      <l>Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.</l>
      <l>They thus directed, we will fllow</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side</l>
      <l>Shall be well&#x2011;winged with our cheefest Horse:</l>
      <l>This, and Saint George to boote.</l>
      <l>What think'st thou Norfolke.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-nor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
      <l>A good direction warlike Soueraigne,</l>
      <l>This found I on my Tent this Morning.</l>
      <l rend="italic">Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold,</l>
      <l rend="italic">For Dickon thy maister is bought and
sold.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-r3-rch">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>A thing deuised by the Enemy.</l>
      <l>Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,</l>
      <l>Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:</l>
      <l>For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,</l>
      <l>Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,</l>
      <l>Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.</l>
      <l>March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,</l>
      <l>If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.</l>
      <l>What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?</l>
      <l>Remember whom you are to cope withall,</l>
      <l>A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and
Run&#x2011;awayes,</l>
      <l>A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,</l>
      <l>Whom their o're&#x2011;cloyed Country vomits forth</l>
      <l>To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.</l>
      <l>You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:</l>
      <l>You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,</l>
      <l>They would restraine the one, distaine the other,</l>
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<l>And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?</l>
<l>Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,</l>
<l>A Milke&#x2011;sop, one that neuer in his life</l>
<l>Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow:</l>
<l>Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,</l>
<l>Lash hence these ouer&#x2011;weening Ragges of France,</l>
<l>These famish'd Beggers, weary of their liues,</l>
<l>Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)</l>
<l>For want of meanes (poore Rats) shad hang'd themselues.</l>
<l>If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,</l>
<l>And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers</l>
<l>Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,</l>
<l>And on Record, left them the heires of shame.</l>
<l>Shall these enioy our Lands? Lye with our Wiues?</l>
<l>Rauish our daughters<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drum afarre off</stage>
<l>Hearke, I heare their Drumme,</l>
<l>Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,</l>
<l>Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,</l>
<l>Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,</l>
<l>Amaze the welkin with your broken staues.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<l>What sayes Lord <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, will he bring his power<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, he doth deny to come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Off with his sonne <hi rend="italic">Georges</hi> head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:</l>
<l>After the battaile, let <hi rend="italic">George Stanley</hi> dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.</l>
<l>Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,</l>
<l>Our Ancient word of Courage, faire <choice><abbr>S</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> <hi

rend="italic">George</hi></l>
				<l>Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:</l>
				<l>Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.</l>
			</sp>
		</div>
			<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
				<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
				<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum,
excursions. Enter Catesby.</stage>
				<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
				<speaker rend="italic">Cat.</speaker>
				<l>Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,</l>
				<l>Rescue, Rescue:</l>
				<l>The King enacts more wonders then a man,</l>
				<l>Daring an opposite to euery danger:</l>
				<l>His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,</l>
				<l>Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:</l>
				<l>Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.</l>
			</sp>
			<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarums.</stage>
			<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">t2</fw>
			<fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">Enter</fw>
			<pb facs="FFimg:axc0560-0.jpg" n="204"/>
			<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the
Third.</fw>
			<cb n="1"/>
			<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Richard.</stage>
			<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
				<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
				<l>A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-r3-cat">
				<speaker rend="italic">Cates.</speaker>
				<l>Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
				<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
				<l>Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,</l>
				<l>And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:</l>
				<l>I thinke there be six Richmonds in the field,</l>
				<l>Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.</l>
				<l>A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.</l>
			</sp>
			</div>
			<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
				<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
				<stage rend="italic center"
type="mixed"><choice><orig>Alatum</orig><corr>Alarum</corr></choice>, Enter

Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard
                      <lb/>is slaine.</stage>
                  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Retreat, and Flourish.
Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
                  <lb/>Crowne, with diuers other Lords.</stage>
              <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
                  <l>God, and your Armes</l>
                  <l>Be prais'd Victorious Friends;</l>
                  <l>The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
                  <l>Couragious Richmond,</l>
                  <l>Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,</l>
                  <l>Heere these long vsurped Royalties,</l>
                  <l>From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,</l>
                  <l>Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.</l>
                  <l>Weare it, and make much of it.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
                  <l>Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.</l>
                  <l>But tell me, is yong <hi rend="italic">George Stanley</hi>
liuing?</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
                  <l>He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,</l>
                  <l>Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
                  <l>What men of name are slaine on either side?</l>
              </sp>
              <cb n="2"/>
              <sp who="#F-r3-sta">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>
                  <l><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> Duke of Norfolke, <hi
rend="italic">Walter</hi> Lord Ferris,</l>
                  <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert Brokenbury</hi>, and Sir <hi
rend="italic">William Brandon</hi>.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-r3-ric">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>
                  <l>Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,</l>
                  <l>Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,</l>
                  <l>That in submission will returne to vs,</l>
                  <l>And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,</l>
                  <l>We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.</l>

<l>Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,</l>
<l>That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:</l>
<l>What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;</l>
<l>The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood;</l>
<l>The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;</l>
<l>The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;</l>
<l>All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,</l>
<l>Diuided, in their dire Diuision.</l>
<l>O now, let <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Elizabeth</hi>,</l>
<l>The true Succeeders of each Royall House,</l>
<l>By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:</l>
<l>And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)</l>
<l>Enrich the time to come, with Smooth&#x2011;fac'd Peace,</l>
<l>With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.</l>
<l>Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,</l>
<l>That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe,</l>
<l>And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;</l>
<l>Let them not liue to taste this Lands increase,</l>
<l>That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.</l>
<l>Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;</l>
<l>That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>